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NEWS & VIEWS

Indictments in Order

Two priests have been charged with negligent homicide in the death of the 23-year-old West German woman, Anneliese Michel, who underwent exorcism ["The Devil, Demons & Dogmatism," by Ronald Modras, *Commonweal*, 2/4/77].

Named in the indictment were Fathers Ernst Alt and Wilhelm Renz, who conducted the exorcism rites on the university student in a church-approved attempt to free her of demons. (Four years of medical treatment had failed to cure the woman of seizures and convulsions during which she "spoke" in strange tongues and engaged in other "demonic" acts.)

Not named in the indictment was Bishop Josef Stangl of Wuerzburg, who had approved the rites on the recommendation of an 82-year-old Jesuit "authority" on exorcism, one Father Rudolf Rodewyk. Police said that, although Bishop Stangl appointed Fathers Alt and Renz to conduct the rites, he did not have direct contact with Miss Michel during the exorcism and did not know she was receiving medical attention.

Rodewyk escaped by way of the same determination.

Miss Michel died July 1, 1976 of "undernourishment and dehydration," having spurned food or drink and wasted away to some 60 pounds. The family doctor refused to sign the death certificate and called in the local prosecutor.

The Michel case caused a storm of outrage and controversy in West Germany, and charges of theological hysteria were leveled. (The drama followed the showing of the movie *The Exorcist* in that country.)

One of the exorcists stuck by his diagnosis. Father Renz went on German television with tapes of the exorcism sessions and identified the voices of two demons in Miss Michel as those of Hitler and Nero. (Wonder how he recognized Nero's voice?)

A neurologist consulted in the case had a more plausible explanation for Miss Michel's ailment: she suffered from epilepsy.

Going 'Home' Again

There is evidence that as many as one-third of the more than 10,000 married Catholic priests in the U.S. would return to the ministry if welcomed by the Church hierarchy.

Until now, however, there has been no clue as to the reception they would get from the celibate clergy who did not leave.

Convinced that it is important for themselves and for the bishops to know the attitudes of these priests, CORPUS—Corps of Reserve Priests United for Service——recently surveyed the clergy of Ohio and Kentucky on the question of receptivity.

It found 50 percent of Ohio clergy and 47.5 percent of Kentucky clergy in favor of the resumption of priestly ministry by willing, resigned priests who have married. Opposed were 44.9 percent (Ohio) and 48.3 percent (Kentucky). Having no opinion or not clearly indicating opinion were 5.3 and 4.2 percent, respectively.

CORPUS, a national association of married Catholic priests, plans to survey the whole country, and will withhold definitive judgments until then. Meanwhile, said CORPUS facilitator Frank J. Bonnike, "we're feeling pretty good" about the high receptivity percentages of Ohio and Kentucky.

Ambassadors Rated

Under the caption "How Excellent Their Excellencies?," *The Economist* of London rates President Carter's diplomatic appointments. He gets mixed marks.

The new ambasasdors to Belgium and Australia, Anne Cox Chambers and Philip Alston, are seen falling at least partially within Carter's campaign excoriation of "fat, bloated, ignorant, rich, major contributors to a presidential campaign."

Ex-Governor Patrick Lucey of Wisconsin is said to have "few qualifications to be ambassador in Mexico City," and Saudi Arabia, *The Economist* feels, would be better served by a career diplomat than by the ex-Governor of South Carolina, John West.

On Leonard Woodcock to China and Mike Mansfield to Japan, *The Economist* is tentative; they "are probably more likely to have a direct line of communication to Mr. Carter than would someone who is not personally known at the White House."

On two appointments, *The Economist* is enthusiastic: Kingman Brewster, late of Yale and now of Grosvenor Square; and Robert Goheen, late of Princeton and now of New Delhi. They "are bound to win cooperation and admiration," *The Economist* predicts.

One appointment it finds "clearly imaginative": that of ex-*Commonweal* columnist and *New York Times* editorialist William Shannon to Dublin.

Words to the Unwise

From an unlikely source, an apt bit of criticism. . . . *L'Osservatore Romano* has published a book review which takes American dioceses to task for limiting access of scholars and historians to diocesan archives by considering them the "personal property" of bishops.

The criticism was made by M.G. Caravaglios in reviewing a new *History of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia*, by Msgr. James F. Connelly. It was prompted by gaps in the narrative—gaps which were more frequent and broader in the later chapters, as anyone might guess.

RNS's correspondent saw two ironies in *Osservatore*'s review: It was published when tens of thousands of Americans were in Rome for the canonization of John Nepomecene Neumann, the fourth Bishop of Philadelphia; secondly, the Vatican itself is often criticized for lack of access to its own files.

Odds and Ends

—Pax Christi USA will hold its fourth annual conference in Memphis Nov. 4 to 6, with focus on the nonviolence of Dr. Martin Luther King. An appropriate theme for an appropriate place. Workshop leaders will include Dr. and Mrs. Eric Gallagher of Belfast, Northern Ireland. Details from Dr. Joseph J. Fahey, Manhattan College, Riverdale, N.Y., 10471.

—The National Coalition of American Nuns, continuing to speak out on "secular" affairs, has taken a position against the neutron bomb. Sister Judith Schloegel, president, has written President Carter: "The USSR accuses the United States of defying our own human rights code by developing the neutron bomb . . . We must agree in this one instance with the Russians. The neutron bomb cannot be developed in isolation from history. If we develop it, we will use it; or someone with whom we share the bomb will use it. And if it is ever used, all of us without exception will be the losers." Amen to that. JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Splitting Hairs

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: Ronald Christ, reviewing Suzanne Jill Levine's translation of Manuel Puig's *The Buenos Aires Affair* (June 24) accuses Ms. Levine of "illiteracy," "tone deafness" and other sins, yet apparently is able to provide only two examples to substantiate these charges. The first is a single instance of "comma splice": that speck of mispunctuation, known to induce fits of indignation in junior high school composition teachers when they discover it, as they often do, in classics of English prose. The second is the seeming misuse of the word "fornicate," which appears in the text as a transitive verb.

An occasional translator himself, Mr. Christ is surely aware that a manuscript passes through many hands between its first draft and the final printed form. Any one of a number of typists or typesetters could have easily dropped the preposition or mistaken genuinely erred. In either event, to the punctuation. Perhaps Ms. Levine claim that such lapses are indicative of illiteracy seems unduly harsh. To further state that the sole grammatical error "erupts . . . like a clinker in a coloratura aria" can only lead to a rather smug smile. Need we remind such a martinet of the written word that a clinker does not erupt?

Readers and translators of Latin American literature, including myself, have long admired Ms. Levine's ability to transform the complex texts of Cortazar, Bioy Casares, Cabrera Infante and Sarduy (to name only a few) into remarkable English prose. Your reviewer may indeed relish his role in the translation police force. This time, however, he has simply collared the wrong person, and no amount of rubber-club bludgeoning will uncover any guilt.

ELIOT WEINBERGER

REPLY: Rereading my review (in-

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HUMAN RIGHTS AND VIETNAM

White House approval of a State Department request to admit 15,000 more Indochinese refugees into the United States, including 7,000 "boat people" living on vessels they used to flee from Vietnam, opens once again the disputed question of human rights in that land—this time, it is to be hoped, with results more positive. Last spring, on what seemed indisputable evidence that the new government in Vietnam was not living up to its proclamations and the hopes of its friends, the American peace community addressed an appeal to the government of Vietnam asking that it honor the concern for human rights which it had expressed both in formal agreements and innumerable conversations with peace activists. The appeal quickly spun off an acrimonious argument within the peace community about the purity of concerns and respective vulnerabilities to the claims and counterclaims of parties at interest in the Vietnamese issue. It was a self-defeating debate for the peace activists, as no one stood to gain other than possible rhetorical victory. More sadly, the contention was defeating in terms of its essential topic matter, for lost in the welter of words were the problems of a substantial number of Vietnamese.

These problems were—are still—too apparent to be ignored, too widely reported to be easily discounted. For instance, the leaky boats crammed with Vietnamese on high sea and open ocean are no phenomenon of a sudden urge to travel for travel's sake. And though some reports of grievous and systematic violation of human rights—of forced labor, for example, and of required mine-field sweeping—are not always backed by hard documentation, they are nonetheless based on persuasive accounts from foreign news reporters, reputable observers and from refugees themselves. Among

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other things these sources also speak of as many as 300,000 persons being held in "re-education" camps, and of the arrest and detention of a wide range of people, including religious, cultural and political figures who had opposed the Thieu regime despite considerable personal risk. Just recently, Agence France Presse and *Le Monde*, the esteemed French daily, itemized additional repressions against the United Buddhist Church, against assertive publications, and individuals who obviously want a freer society than what the new government appears willing to give them.

The government of Vietnam responds that it is being victimized by propagandists, that those who opposed the Thieu regime now occupy "well-deserved positions in the new society," that human rights are not being violated, and that "being detained are only those who had done so much harm to the people and the country and now continue to sabotage activities against the laws and the peaceful life of the people."

Maybe this is so; in fairness to the government of Vietnamese it must be conceded that the bloodbath so many predicted after the fall of Saigon never did materialize. On the other hand, how can one dismiss as illusionary so many accounts of human rights violations? How can one minimize such unnerving incidents as the self-immolation of 12 Buddhist monks and nuns in Can Tho Province last November in protest against administrative orders redefining and drastically restricting their religious practice? Something more is in order than a unilateral declaration from Hanoi or Ho Chi Minh City that all is blessed and free in the new Vietnam. If this comment is accusatory of the government of Vietnam, and if it implies guilt where in fact there may be none, then some remarks of singer Joan Baez might be borne in mind. Challenged on her signing of last spring's appeal, Ms. Baez said: "I would rather err in unintentionally offending government officials anywhere in the world, to whom I would apologize later if I have been mistaken, than to offend one political prisoner whom I might now conceivably help and whom later I may never be able to reach."

By that logic, and in the wake of unrelieved reports of human rights violations in Vietnam, the "calls" of the American peace community of last spring are as valid as ever, and merit repeating: "We call for a complete public accounting of those detained or imprisoned indicating, as well, the charges for which they are held. We call on the government of Vietnam to facilitate on-the-spot inspection by the United Nations, Amnesty International or other independent international agencies in order to assure that those in the government's charge are treated in accord with international covenants regarding human rights. We call on you to release any individuals who are held purely because of their religious or political convictions. We call for government recognition of the right to open and free communication."

If these "calls" seem imperious, they are in fact but minimal. Rather than embarrass the government of Vietnam they should challenge it to demonstrate to the world outside that this government is what it says it is. This would seem trouble worth taking, assurance worth conveying—if it can—on the eve on Vietnam's formal sitting in the United Nations on Sept. 20, and in view of its continuing and rightful demand for U.S. postwar reconstruction aid.

WASHINGTON REPORT

KILL HIM, SAVE IT

It's understandable why there should be a certain amount of shock and horror at presidential and congressional backing for the neutron bomb. The great virtue of the bomb is that it kills people, leaves buildings mostly undamaged in its kill zone. Since most people prefer people to buildings, at least if absolutely pressed to make the choice, the neutron bomb strikes many as the wrong choice, an immoral choice, an unnatural preference.

With bone-deep irony, such was the reaction of the German politician Egon Bahr of the Socialist Democratic party. It is, no doubt, asking too much to expect any glimmer of delicacy or tact on the part of a German politician, but still, at least for the lifetime of people who can remember Hitler, it would be nice if prominent Germans would just shut up about other countries' weapons. "Is this supposed to be the last progress?" asked Bahr. "Is mankind going crazy?" Well, the neutron bomb is not in the class with German death camps when it comes to killing people, we may as well freely admit, and it is the descendant of the German V-1 and V-2 which were used to kill masses of English civilians, but still the neutron bomb is basically designed to kill soldiers. This may indeed be the aspect of it that Bahr, as a German, finds shocking. On the other hand, when we remember the German destruction of Coventry Cathedral, of Warsaw and Lidice, it is easy, too, to understand the sheer bafflement of a German at the idea of not blowing up all the buildings available. Unless you have Sam Peckinpah directing the camera and the editing, pictures of buildings blowing up are much

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more Nordically satisfying than those of just plain old, modestly proportioned human bodies being smithereened.

The first good thing to be said about the neutron bomb is just the thing that a number of observers have condemned in it, namely that it seems to be a practical, battlefield weapon. The warriors, in short, have suddenly gotten back to war as their subject rather than the psycho-military-politics of cloud cuckooland which has preoccupied them ever since the hydrogen bomb. This sign of returning sanity—to be taken cautiously, to be sure—could be the most important military development since the invention of the rifled bore, which is not, as you may think, a fixture in the lounge of the Army-Navy Club here, but probably the most efficient weapon ever devised. For almost thirty years now, all military thinking in the two superpowers has been solidly rooted in cloud cuckooland, as is readily seen in the standard approach to appropriations: the argument invariably has been we *must* build this new, incredibly destructive, incredibly expensive weapons system so that we shall never have to use it. Give that a double-take, it needs it. That sales pitch would have knocked Willy Loman out of the New England territory before the curtain got up, yet over the last three decades that pitch has made the Pentagonians in the White House and on Capitol Hill the most successful snake-oil men in history. The results of this cloud cuckooland thinking are shameful to the military establishments of both powers: the mighty Red Army in that period has been reduced to operating as riot control units in the capitals of Eastern Europe, moving tanks against school children throwing rocks; the American military establishment at least did get into a war, but it was so ashamed of the odds on its side that for years it wouldn't even admit it was there, and, worse, got itself clobbered in spite of those odds by a bunch of amateurs who wouldn't have known a kiltron from a megaton but did know the terrain. There were a lot of reasons for our disaster in Vietnam, prominent among them General Westmoreland, but certainly among them too is the mindset of a Pentagon convinced that the really important weapons are the ones made not to be used. While the best minds of the Pentagon were occupied with how to stop the Russians from doing a bank shot off the moon and taking out Colorado Springs, out in 'Nam the M-16—that old rifled bore—was falling apart and aeroplanes were arriving with melted electrical insulation, no one having remembered it's quite hot there.

Well, with that background, you can see why the neutron bomb is really encouraging. Warriors should think about war, not about Wittgensteinian questions of epistemology. Wittgenstein got into military thought in this country with the change of name from War Department to Defense Department. War is war, after all, an art, a science, a trade, a business, whatever, its principles comprehensible, its practice perfectible. But there is really no such thing as defense, not in the solid, matter-of-fact way that there is war. Certainly while Ludwig Wittgenstein broods over the Pentagon, there is no such thing as a complete defense, since the mind of man can always dream up some way out of the trap the mind of man has dreamed up in the first place—especially if it's the same mind, and most especially if that mind sees another star on the shoulder, another stock option from the corporation if the epistemology can be successfully diddled once again. The neutron bomb moves military discussion from Wittgenstein back to Clausewitz, not as interesting a mind, perhaps, but a hell of a lot better soldier.

The basic virtue of the neutron bomb comes from the consideration that wars are won by killing soldiers —or wounding them, capturing them or putting them to flight—not by blowing up buildings but by killing soldiers and taking the ground the soldiers occupied before they were dead. This may be regarded as regrettable, but in that case human nature, at least on the record, has to be so regarded, too. Preeminently, we are the warmaking species and that is how you make war. You don't do it by building weapons so as not to use them.

There is one more aspect to the neutron bomb that apparently has occurred to no one and that may in the long run may be more important, more valuable to this country, than any other. It is this, the preservation of property can be enormously valuable to the victor in a war. The Russians demonstrated this in the aftermath of World War II by carting off factories, transit systems, fountain pens and wrist watches from their conquered territories, but that's the old-fashioned way, rather simple-minded, really, in which the preservation of enemy property can be valuable to the victor. There is a much more sophisticated, much more valuable way suggested by American conduct after that famed world catastrophe. What we did, if you remember, was to pour in factories, transit systems, fountain pens and wrist watches to take the places of those we had destroyed or the Russians had carted off. And we did this not merely to our loyal allies, but especially to our hated enemies, the people formerly called Japs and Krauts suddenly transmogrified into defenders of the free world. They got the factories, transit systems, fountain pens and wrist watches precisely so they would not become Communists. Projecting that pattern into the future, it is easy to see what could happen. We go to war with the Russians and automatically pick up the Chinese as our principal ally—it could work the other way round, it hardly matters. At any rate, we win: we probably couldn't lose anyway, although, after Vietnam it is never wise to underestimate the military's capacity for

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bungling the most elemental tasks, but with one of the Communist powers on our side, we really can't lose. So we win. In the old-time pattern, we would immediately make friends with the defeated enemy in order to forge a new alliance against the former ally and now potential enemy. As part of the process we would ship into Russia, say, all-new factories, transit systems, fountain pens and wrist watches to keep the Russians from becoming Chinese.

But the factories, transit systems, fountain pens and wrist watches so shipped would, in the nature of things, be far advanced over those we ourselves had unharmed at home. That formula, basically, is what has made Germany and Japan the fierce market competitors they are, with severely damaging effects on our own economy. If we did it to the Russians to prevent their becoming Chinese, within 5 years after the war, our markets would be flooded with cheapo Russki TV sets, cars, tape recorders, cameras. Inflation would soar, as would unemployment and there wouldn't be a darn thing we could do about it for fear the Russians might start taping their eyes into slants.

The neutron bomb delivers us from all that. We can kill all the Russians we want but save the Russian means of production in all its comforting obsolescence, inefficiency and blessed non-competitive state. If you try, you, too, can learn to love that bomb.

FRANK GETLEIN

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FROM IRELAND

UPSET AT THE POLLS

The recent general election shattered the political scene in Ireland. It threw out of office the Fine Gael-Labor Party coalition which had been returned in 1973, ending 16 unbroken years of rule by Fianna Fáil, the party founded by Eamonn de Valera in 1927. It swept Fianna Fáil back into power with the greatest number of seats won by any Irish party since 1922. It precipitated resignations as party leaders of Fine Gael's Liam Cosgrave, who had been Tooiseach or Prime Minister from 1973, and the Labor Party's Brendan Corish. And it has ended, temporarily at least and possibly for good, the coalition arrangement between their two parties, which had previously ruled from 1945-48 and 1954-57. None of the three coalition governments has succeeded in winning two terms of office in a row and the latest failure to do so will make it difficult for the disgruntled members of both partners to continue the arrangement.

The election result was a surprise to the pundits. They had, one and all, predicted that the Coalition, with Ministers as well-known internationally as Dr. Garret FitzGerald, Foreign Minister and Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, Minister for Posts and Telegraphs, would get back, even if only narrowly. It was only four years and four months since they had come into office as a government of all the talents, committed to a program of reform. They brought with them a glimpse of new frontiers and an echo of President John F. Kennedy's inaugural address about not asking what the country could do for you but what you could do for your country. It seemed a new dawn in Irish political life and no one expected so early a sunset.

The pundits' predictions were bolstered by a revision of constituency boundaries which seemed to copper-fasten the coalition's position. The revision was carried out by the Coalition's Minister for Local Government, Mr. James Tully, in pursuance of a constitutional provision requiring that there should be one Deputy in Dáil Éireann (the lower House of Parliament) for each 20,000-30,000 of the population. Periodic censuses provide the statistical basis on which the number of seats in Dáil Éireann is determined and it has hitherto fallen to the Minister for Local Government to reorganize constituency boundaries accordingly. Naturally enough, the Minister tries to make sure his surgery benefits the ruling party or parties.

Fianna Fáil had changed the constituency boundaries substantially before the 1973 election, but they had miscalculated the size of the swing against them and their strategy failed. The Coalition government changed the constituencies again in a way calculated to do them most good. They did it by turning four-seat constituencies, in which they could have expected two seats out of the four, into three-seaters in which they hoped to pick up two seats to the Opposition's one.

Again the strategy failed. Mr. Tully miscalculated the size of the swing against the government. Under the proportional representation system used for Irish elections, the government would have been safe with a maximum swing against them up to three percent. Instead it averaged five percent and up to seven percent in some of the key Dublin constituencies which returned 43 of the 148 Dáil seats and which had all. but one, been turned into 3-seaters. Instead of keeping the Coalition in office, the balance of advantage worked in Fianna Fáil's favor, returned them with 84 seats instead of the 66 they had before the poll. The new government has now a 20-seat majority over all the rest.

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That the result was a protest vote there can be no doubt. What the protest was about is arguable. Certainly rising prices and falling employment were key factors; prices were up almost 100 percent in the Coalition's period of office and unemployment shot up to about 12 percent. The protest too was about the Coalition's arrogant style of government. Few disagreed with its tough law-and-order policy as far as it was directed against the Provisional IRA. But there were serious allegations about prison conditions, about police brutality (*Commonweal*, April 15, 1977) and about government intentions regarding media censorship. The complaints were brushed aside; concern was treated almost like subversion; Ministers refused to give an account of their stewardship. The Fascist-like trend led to the judgment that while Fianna Fáil had taken 12 years to get too big for their boots, it had taken the Coalition only 12 months.

The election result was, therefore, as much a vote against the Coalition as a vote for Fianna Fáil shown by the unexpectedly high support for independent, particularly women, candidates. But there were carrots as well. Fianna Fáil offered a glittering package of electoral goodies including abolition of all rates (i.e., local tax on householders) and taxes on smaller cars, reduction in income tax, $1,700 grants to first-time house buyers, and a crash program to create jobs, especially for school-leavers, the whole package to be financed initially by borrowing.

Mr. Cosgrave took a poor view of the package: "They'll either break their promises or break the country," he said. His Finance Minister, Richie Ryan, was equally skeptical. "Their manifesto is like their pop record (disc)," he declared. "It goes round in circles and it's got a big hole in the middle." But it appealed to the voters, particularly to the young. What the government had overlooked was that half the people of Ireland are now under 26 years of age and one-fifth of the 2.1 million electorate—some 440,000 voters—were entitled to vote for the first time. The government decided to play the campaign coolly. It said it relied on its record. It refused to "go into a Dutch auction with Fianna Fáil on promises." Its tired Ministers campaigned listlessly. Caught up in Common Market business, they had neglected their constitutencies. They lost votes or seats.

Despite all the traumatic events of recent years, Northern Ireland did not figure as an issue in the campaign. It had been played down in the party manifestoes, rating one paragraph in Fianna Fáil's 47-page blockbuster; two paragraphs in the government's more modest publication. When the campaign opened, both sides wanted to keep it out of contention. Only in the final days, when it was clear that Fianna Fáil had dominated the campaign, did the government hint that a Fianna Fáil Government would not, in certain circumstances, be as trustworthy on the Northern Ireland issue as the Coalition. What they meant was that Mr. Lynch, if returned to power, might appoint as Minister Mr. Charles J. Haughey, whom Mr. Lynch had sacked from a previous administration on suspicion of conspiring to import arms illegally (the charge was later dismissed in court).

Mr. Haughey was, in fact, appointed to the Cabinet when Mr. Lynch named his new administration on July 5. But he was firmly lodged in the safe job of Minister for Health and Social Welfare, where he will have a busy time reorganizing a health service in deep difficulties. The appointment was expected because Mr. Haughey had been Opposition spokesman on health for the past few years since his restoration to the Fianna Fáil, front bench.

Expected, too, were Mr. Lynch's other appointments, the key posts being taken by men who filled them in the last Fianna Fáil administration. Most of the other appointments were merely a reshuffle of the same men into different posts. But two were of special interest. One was the naming as Tánaiste (deputy Prime Minister) and Minister for Finance and the Public Service of Mr. George Colley. The appointment as Tánaiste strengthens his claim to the leadership when Mr. Lynch goes, giving him the edge over Mr. Haughey who was his rival in the leadership stakes in 1966, when Mr. Lynch came in as a compromise choice.

The other interesting appointment was that of Professor Martin O'Donoghue, University professor and Mr. Lynch's closest economics adviser, as Minister for Economic Planning. Professor O'Donoghue was the chief architect of Fianna Fáil's winning election manifesto: in his new post he will have the job of making it work.

Meanwhile, the coalition parties have got new leaders. Dr. Garrett FitzGerald, Foreign Minister in the former administration, was elected unanimously to succeed Mr. Cosgrave at the head of Fine Gael; Mr. Frank Cluskey, a parliamentary secretary in charge of social welfare, narrowly won the leadership of the Labor party.

They have very dissimilar backgrounds. FitzGerald, aged 51, is a son of the former Foreign Minister in the Dáil of 1922. A barrister by profession, an economist by preference and a journalist and politician by necessity, he is considered Europe's fastest-talking politician and is the despair of the parliamentary shorthand-writers in Dublin. Cluskey, aged 47, is of Dublin working-class origin, having started work at the age of 13 for thirteen shillings ($1.10) a week. But both men are of a like mind, open, liberal and far-seeing. If anyone can keep their parties in a loose arrangement so as to facilitate a future coalition, it is they.

With Lynch now back in office and FitzGerald and Cluskey leading the opposition ranks, Irish politics will be interesting in the period ahead. DESMOND FISHER

(*Desmond Fisher is* Commonweal's *regular correspondent in Ireland.*)

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A MEMORY AND A CONTRAST

PETER STEINFELS

It was early on July 14, and the *sans-culottes* of my neighborhood were not storming the Bastille. They were looting a jewelry store. Earlier, when the lights went out we were amused. We gathered flashlights and walked down a few floors to enjoy a beer with a friend. In the elevator shaft, a trapped neighbor could be heard exchanging reminiscences of 1965 with her would-be rescuers. Only gradually did the irregular shouting, the crash of glass and metal, filter into our candlelit sphere of enforced relaxation. We were about to learn that blackouts, too, are not what they used to be.

"They're looting up and down Broadway," another neighbor told me when I got outside. He held a club in his hand. Bodies, lit like a flickering movie in the headlights of passing cars, raced along the far side of the street.

In fact, they were not looting up and down Broadway. I went to see, and south of 96th the mood was almost as it was in 1965. To the north, the number of stores hit could be counted on your fingers; some more were broken into on Amsterdam, where an abandoned building was set ablaze, and on Columbus. This was nothing compared to the devastation in the Bronx and Brooklyn. For New Yorkers that was where the real destruction took place; for the country as a whole it occurred, as usual, on television. Having seen neither, perhaps I did not attend the same event. What I saw, however, was enough.

The darting movements on the street, the spontaneous work "teams," and above all the sound of metal giving way and glass shattering, recalled Paris in May 1968. I thought of demonstrators tearing down street-signs, prying up paving stones, gathering scrap material for their barricades. I experienced the same shock—at the furious energy, the noise, the apparent violence to the furnishings of the city. Yet in 1968 I had learned something, that what were termed rioters did not necessarily act like the unthinking, crazed "mob" of counter-revolutionary and (through it) psychological literature. The Paris demonstrators labored intelligently, informed by a group cause and consciousness. Though spread throughout a section of the city, they were disciplined enough to stand by their barricades for a night of negotiations with the government. In their way, they were orderly, and it was this order, in contrast to the disorder of the rampaging riot police, that won so much sympathy. Law-and-order. If order was on the demonstrators' side, could law be far behind?

How different on Broadway. If there was a group feeling it was precisely the consensus that group life had broken down. The social contract went with the electric power. Though the personal losses for the small shopkeepers and merchants were heart-rending, there are many ways such losses are incurred in this life: a freak fire, a weekend traffic accident, a tragic illness. That it happened *this* way said something more, something not to be measured even in physical damage and years of savings lost, something as appalling in the case of ten stores looted on Broadway as hundreds elsewhere.

It was precisely the moment of greatest community vulnerability, when human solidarity should have been strongest, that the looters seized for their own advantage. It was this, not distress at the theft of wrist watches and television sets, that inspired the common designation of looters as "animals."

Yet "seized" is too dramatic, too strong a word for these pathetic forays. There may have been a few canny criminals who spotted the main chance and struck. Most looters I saw were caught up in a mood that precluded any real decision. Before the flashing lights of the police cars they darted, like small swarms of carnivorous fish, back into the shadows, only to regroup and emerge and dart at their prey again—and all for what? An armful of clothes that are the wrong size, an electrical appliance they don't need and which, like the jewelry, will go to some Harlem fence for a pittance. There was the excitement, of course; for the young, the element of risk, of dare; but that was all much the same thing: given the opportunity, this was simply the behavior to be expected, the acting out of some of those bits of proverbial wisdom. Make hay while the sun shines, strip a store while the power's out.

The police carried on admirably. Not half so much restraint and good judgment would have been exercised by the members of New York Civil Liberties Union. But deep in the news reports there was a fact about the police that bears notice, and not because it reflects on them in particular but on many of us who were not looting.

In the early hours of July 14, while 8,000 of New York's police officers struggled with the worst of an overwhelming situation, another 10,000 police who were neither on vacation nor sick leave, stayed at home. They failed to report to duty as ordered. "Disgruntled" over working conditions, explained one sergeant; but one can think of many other plausible, and some more admirable, reasons. The fact remains that in their case, too, community allegiance, even the bond with their fellow officers, counted for relatively little; and that this should be so is far enough taken for

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LA UN-DOLCE VITA

JOHN AHERN

The showcase of Italian Communism is in crisis

Last March something changed here in Bologna. Something fundamental seems to have been broken, perhaps deliberately, and no one here is sure who did it or why. Perhaps it just happened, perhaps hidden forces (the radical right, the radical left, the CIA) staged the whole thing. This summer on the city's streets one notices a new tone: edgy, nervous, slightly out of control. The ordinary citizen, the well-organized, cordial, industrious Bolognese does not go down town much these days. After the ambiguous, frightening charade of last Spring's "Student Uprising," when many families were trapped in their apartments for several days while troops and tanks occupied the street below, the Bolognesi have fallen into the habit of avoiding the heart of their city. They say they don't want to end up in one of the numerous incidents, allegedly caused by mysterious forces on the left, that fill the newspapers and television news daily.

Banks are robbed. Prisoners escape from jail. Important journalists are shot in the legs in broad daylight in Rome, Milan and Genoa. "We'll shoot higher next time," anonymous phone calls threaten, "Long live Communism!" The leader of the Red Brigades, a group dedicated to violent revolution, is about to be tried in Milan. The lives of the judges, jury and lawyers are threatened. From the newspaper reports it appears that the Red Brigades think of themselves as Communists. This terrifies the Communists. They know that they have nothing to do with the Red Brigades, who are their enemies.

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In any case, the Bolognesi are lying low right now. It is not clear who is running the city. Officially, it is still the Communists, but they are badly shaken, their funds are low, and more than ever they feel dependent upon the Christian Democrats in Rome. They feel that anything can happen now.

In the meantime, on the *piazza maggiore*, the city's spacious, animated heart, there are groups of non-Bolognese students, unemployed workers and raucous, middle-class kids in outlandish garb. The few Bolognesi who hurry by are unsettled when they do not hear their own witty, rude, comfortable dialect. Southerners, slighter in build and more exuberant in dress, greet each other in the far-away accents of Sicily and Calabria. Whom does this city belong to anyway, the Bolognesi wonder. They are also disturbed by the urban funk, Italian-style: baggy jeans, Hawaian shirts, long skirts of a thin, permanently wrinkled material, bulky layers of blouses that hide the human form. There are too many sloppy, frumpy young people lolling on the steps of the cathedral. Where are all those myriad shades of beige and *caffelatte*? Where are the studied casualness, the classical styles, the snug, elegant blue jeans, the proud women snappily bouncing along in this year's fashions?

In the fashionable bars at the edge of the *piazza* it is no different. A girl on the phone speaks patronizingly, even viciously, of members of her family. She is speaking at the top of her voice. The other customers exchange nervous glances. It is perhaps permissible to think such things, even say them in private, but never to shout them in front of strangers. The Bolognesi feel that another sacred bond has been broken. A falsely jovial, unhappy, deliberatedy stupid man is an-

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noying the cashier, who feigns amusement. Under normal conditions, she would have dispatched him after the first word. Now she feels that she cannot. Some of the customers murmur their disapproval of the man. When he finally leaves, the smile vanishes from her lips which become taut and nervous once again.

Things were not always like this. Up until recently crowds of relaxed well-dressed Bolognesi, laughing and joking in their infectious manner, strolled through the center of the city every day with the sense of being at the heart of the universe. With a sense of being exempt from the confusion and malaise that beset other Italian cities. And, in their way, they were right. For until last March Bologna was the showcase of Italian Communism, the model for other Italian cities, the city that would teach the West how to live with Communism and like it, the city which blended solid prosperity, American-style efficiency and a shrewd original brand of Marxism; the city where the Church had long ago come to terms with godless materialism in a Don Camillo-like *modus vivendi*.

But the events of last March changed all that. The Communist city administration allowed the police to enter the city and quell the riots. One of them, it appears, shot a student belonging to *Lotta Continua*, a group on the far left that is at odds with the Communists, but which nevertheless is commonly considered part of the great coalition of the left and the middle class that is the basis of Communist power in Italy today. During the riots the students moved their protest from the University to the heart of the city where they wreaked havoc on many stores and shops. In a few hours the Communists lost the whole-hearted support of both the far left and the city's business men. The impression was created that they can no longer maintain order in their traditional stronghold. They proved what many had suspected, that in their heart of hearts they reason in the same repressive, "fascist" manner as their enemies, the country's discredited ruling party, the Christian Democrats, with whom they have recently entered in to an uneasy partnership. The riots deprived Bologna of its status as a showcase. Its leaders are confused and uncertain; they feel powerless. And growing numbers of their constituents now think of them as powerless.

Many people here believe that the riots were staged to produce just such an impression. They think the whole thing was a great spectacle, a bit of media-theater calculated to undermine Communist prestige in Bologna, Italy and Europe. They see the riots as benefiting those who want to maintain the status quo in NATO, and wreck the "historic compromise" between Communists and Christian Democrats. Many people here also believe that the destruction of the city's self-confidence was no accident, but part of a larger strategy to bring the country to so desperate a state that it will cry out for a strong, Mussolini-like "man of destiny" to bring it order. Not surprisingly, such a development terrorizes the conservative older generation much more than it does the leftward leaning post-World War II generation. For the moment, the older generation has put its traditional anti-Communism aside. They are alarmed at the thought that unknown forces, possibly on the far right, are orchestrating the scenario not only in Bologna, but throughout Italy. The faint suspicion has just come to them that maybe, just maybe, their old liberator and ally, the United States, is supporting this charade.

Ironically, at the moment, the myth of the Good Communists of Bologna is stronger in America than it is here. In recent years, a number of favorable articles about the city have appeared in important American magazines. *Sixty Minutes* ran a remarkably positive, even enthusiastic segment about the city. Millions of Americans were astonished to discover that Italian Communists, of all people, were running a municipal government that few American cities could match in efficiency and honesty, and in the high quality of social and health services, and transportation. In our land of urban blight such intense civic pride and satisfaction seemed miraculous. Free summer vacations for the elderly, free day-care centers for the children of working mothers, free bus service during the rush hour: it all seemed too good to be true. And all of this in a country whose corrupt, pro-American, professedly Christian ruling party had made Italy synonymous with chaos and disorder.

Even now numbers of slightly incredulous Americans, mostly from universities and government agenceis, flock to visit the model city. The office of Communist mayor Renato Zangheri arranges their visits, carefully shepherding them from one high point to another. In one of the neighborhood city halls an official complains about the steady stream of foreign visitors. He cannot get his work done. He is proud to show them around, and has no ideological prejudice against these awkward, smiling, rather ingenuous visitors. But there are too many of them now, and they arrive on short notice. Many of his pet projects need his personal attention now more than ever. There have been massive cuts in the city's budget. For the moment no new initiatives are permitted. Everyone is terrified of doing anything that might bring more bad publicity. One can no longer rely on the buoyant and healthy Communist consensus to carry things along. In his darkest moments he is afraid that his city will become like Naples or Palermo: confused, listless, demoralized, full of bandits and politicians in bad faith. When he phones his superiors he finds them even more depressed than he is. And the thought has entered his mind that perhaps the government of these polite Americans believes that it stands to gain from the destruction of the

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very things that these visitors have come to admire and learn from. But he keeps these grim thoughts to himself, as he shows his visitors around.

Bologna's Communist consensus was a small miracle that probably could not have occurred anywhere else in the world. Bologna, to begin with, has always been a unique city. Tourists who want to bask in the glow of fading splendors do well to avoid it, in favor of Rome, Florence and Venice. When, by some fluke, they end up in Bologna, they find that they can see all there is to see in one day. There is no reason to stay on. This is a city for those who want to live life, rather than observe it, or examine its remnants. It is held together by the idea that the welfare of its citizens is the supreme value. The Bolognesi put their considerable energy into modest, practical, human projects. One example: twenty miles of porticos cover the city's roomy sidewalks, shielding the pedestrian from rain and sun. Whereas in Florence a simple walk on its narrow, crowded, exposed sidewalks easily turns into a nightmare.

In one of the courtyards of the City Hall there is a monument to those who died during World War II fighting the Nazis and Fascists. The long inscription speaks of them as martyrs for the "earthly faith." The phrase, with its exaltation of the earthly city and its implicit denial of a heavenly one, is clearly of Communist provenance. But it is also profoundly Bolognese in feeling.

Not even the most dedicated Bolognese Catholics are likely to scoff at the "earthly faith." Historically, Bologna has been a city of the Flesh, rather than a city of the Spirit. Unlike neighboring Florence, it has never been given to intellectual or spiritual enthusiasms. It prefers a quiet, reasonable carnality.

At a party an atheist university professor explains to me that sins of the flesh, such as lust and gluttony, are pleasant, human sins, causing little harm to society. He speaks with horror of the sins of the mind and spirit, that easily lead to wars and crusades in the name of principles and theories. He shudders. He speaks of Florence, a city of the Spirit, handsome, lithe, graceful, masculine, tense, stubborn, at times even mean, yet always extremely beautiful. And Bologna: wide-hipped, round, comfortable, feminine, easy, generous, clever enough to avoid obvious beauties. He is, perhaps, a little tipsy. Bologna, he says, will accept any system that will guarantee her well-being. He marshals paradoxical proofs of her greatness. She has never produced an important saint. He is now smiling beautifully. Saint Petronius, her patron, an obscure bishop from the early centuries of the Church, distinguished himself in public works and civic virtue. He triumphantly points out the lack of important Bolognesi writers, artists, reformers and generals. They tend to be doctors, lawyers, business men, prosperous farmers, minor industrialists. Their

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earthly faith, he concludes, is more than a clever Marxist phrase, it is fair description of an ancient way of life.

The Bolognese earthly faith has, in fact, permitted Communism to flourish here. It has provided a firm, natural foundation on which the Communists began building up their new consensus at the end of World War II. For years the Christian Democrats dominated political life on a local level throughout Italy, and the Red Region of Emilia-Romagna stood alone. This situation did not displease the Bolognesi who enjoy thinking of themselves as a race apart. They are not a noisy or disorderly people. They tend to scorn Romans and Neapolitans whom they accuse of taking malicious, self-destructive delight in obstruction as an end in itself. They believe that these cities base their government on personality, whim and chance, rather than the greater good of the greater number. They have little patience for fecklessness and irresponsibility, no matter how good-natured and charming. They like things to work. They prefer to do things right the first time. They take pride in solving problems without waiting for help from Rome.

The workers are the first and most important component in the Communist Consensus. The promise of a dictatorship of the proletariat sits well with them. The strength of the unions sits even better. The older generation has watched salaries, work schedules and working conditions improve steadily over the past thirty years. Union leaders tirelessly preached the virtues of organization, class unity, open discussion of problems. Workers learned to set reasonable goals, and achieve them through negotiation and determined strikes. They gained a new identity and a sense of power, however limited, over their lives. The elementary principles of Marxism gave them a tool for understanding the structures of society, and the various kinds of exploitation, subtle and not so subtle, which the middle class practiced on them.

The second element in the Communist Consensus is that same middle class. And here the originality, audacity and common sense (some say, rather, lack of principle and intellectual consistency) of the Italian Com-

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munists becomes evident. In Bologna, after years of patient, clever courtship, the Communist Party has won the support of the middle class, a large percentage of which belongs to the party. Given the predisposition of the Bolognese character toward any reasonable, clearly advantageous enterprise, this was not a particularly difficult task.

The city's profound distrust of any political initiative made the task still easier. Several centuries of corrupt, incompetent Papal government have led the Bolognesi to conclude that the Church should *never* be allowed to govern, directly or indirectly. The Communists received a further boost by the sanctimonius dishonesty of the Christian Democrats who exploit Church support and fear of Communism, particularly in rural areas and the South, as an exception from accountability to their constituents. In point of fact, fear of Communism is still enough, but just barely enough, to keep the Christian Democrats in power.

In any case, the Bolognesi Communists, by winning over the middle class, managed to transform the city into a showcase. No opposition was offered by the middle-class minority that chose not to participate. From a middle-class point of view the Communists did a good job: law and order were maintained, the workers were under control, the city was clean, orderly and proud, everybody felt prosperous. Furthermore, there were no serious alternatives to the Communists.

Theory and Practice

It would be wrong, however, to suppose that the Bolognesi Communists have subtly implemented a classical Marxist revolution. Pure Marxist theory, at least in Bologna, had little to do with Communist practice. Not that Marxist is unknown. On the contrary, most intellectuals employ its principles regularly as a tool of social analysis. Its vocabulary peppers the conversation of high school students, workers, disc jockeys, bishops and comfortable suburban ladies. In actual practice, however, the Communist Party has instituted an advanced, enlightened form of capitalism. Some are afraid that it is a temporary expedient that eventually will lead to a grim, Soviet-style Communism. Others call it "socialism" and accept it happily, since it works so well.

The various Bolognese "Cooperatives" provide the best example of how the Communist Consensus actually works. These days a massive food service organization called CAMST serves most of the meals in the city's factories, schools, prisons and other public institutions. CAMST also mainstains several restaurants and cafeterias throughout the city and, indeed, the entire region. It achieved its hegemony over the food service industry by regularly submitting the lowest bids on public contracts. It maintains these contracts by providing the best service for the money, and by paying close attention to the tastes of its clientele. (The Bolognesi like to eat very well, and are rather finicky.) It undercuts rival, private enterprises by settling for a smaller profit, which it distributes a little more equitably than they like to. It employs thousands of satisfied, loyal workers, most of whom are members of the party, and can be counted upon to vote for its candidates at election time.

In the construction industry similar cooperatives are pushing small and medium-sized contractors out of business. They employ the best possible engineers and architects, including, shrewdly, a certain number of non-Communists. They retain the loyalty of upper-level employees by permitting more freedom and responsibility than is usual in private firms. Their highly efficient, computerized organization permits them to compete favorably with less advanced firms from the private sector. Their manual laborers receive salaries as good as or better than in other firms. In addition they are made to feel that they are an integral part of the cooperative, and not a mute, exploited group of beasts of burden. The workers, like the engineers, feel lucky to belong to the cooperatives. From time to time all employees attend general meetings where current problems are discussed by all, after being laid out by the Communist managers. Everyone is encouraged to express his opinion freely. According to some of the engineers, a look of rapt concentration covers the faces of the managers whenever the manual laborers speak.

But the Construction Cooperatives have their problems. The gap between upper and lower levels is great in salary, power and prestige. Some workers resent the flagrant absences of their co-workers, since this imposes a heavier work-load on them. The managers, all Communists, are reluctant to call the absent ones to order, lest they damage the party's image of defender of the workers. Some workers also complain, quite rightly, that their work is harder and more important than that of the elegant, middle-class, Communist bureaucrats who manage the cooperatives, They have begun to notice that despite the great deference accorded them, they have little real influence in some of the areas that most concern them. A very small minority says that the Communists are nothing but a newer, cleverer version of the traditional paternalistic middle class. But even though Bolognese Communists are being openly criticized by workers and middle class alike, their position remains secure. Christian Democratic prestige continues to dwindle. The workers, however dissatisfied, show no sign of wanting to leave Communist-style exploitation for the old-fashioned kind.

Before the events of March the tensions within the Communist Consensus were not felt to be very serious. People still thought that the cooperatives might evolve

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into something still more satisfactory and equitable. There was a hope that other Italian cities might adopt the successful Bolognese model of Communism. The party had, in practice though not yet in theory, entered the national government. It seemed likely that it would play an increasing and stabilizing role in national life. There were rumors that a secret CIA report recommended that the United States government back the Italian Communist Party as the sole group capable of saving the country from self-destruction. It looked as if the Italian Communists might soon come to power without upsetting NATO, and with the tacit consent of the American government. Jimmy Carter had promised not to interfere in Italian politics. His new ambassador had some positive, reasonable, soothing things to say about Italian Communists.

It seemed as if years of astute publicity and good government in Bologna were paying off for the Communists. Just last year, far-sighted Enrico Berlinguer, the party's leader, had reassured his critics that his unique brand of Marxism, or Eurocommunism as he calls it, would be impossible to carry out without the continued presence of NATO troops in Italy and Europe. The stage seemed set for a public reconciliation of the West with its well-behaved Communist minority. This has not yet happened. People here note that President Carter's remarks are a little more cautious, and that the State Department seems to want to dissociate itself from the Ambassador's generous remarks about Italian Communists. Some people here even suspect that there is a link between what happened last March and the reluctance of the American government to see Communists in the Italian government. However, when pressed, they admit that they can prove nothing.

In any case, the Historic Compromise, the joint of Christian Democrats and Communists, has not been stopped. It has been quietly taking place, in practice if not in theory, for several months now. Communists occupy positions of power in Giulio Andreotti's minority Christian Democrat government. They have agreed to abstain from formal opposition. Italy is governed by their sufferance and good will. On a local level this often means that in previously Christian Democratic cities the Communists share some of the spoils of power. Here, in a Communist stronghold, it is the Christian Democrats who have been accorded more power and influence. As one Bolognese business man puts it, "We now have to pay off *two* parties."

In many ways this inevitable unofficial alliance is dangerous for both parties. After campaigning for so long on the Red Menace, the Christian Democrats can not easily explain why they have entered a coalition with their enemies. Likewise, the Communists who have always thought of the Christian Democrats as the reactionary, bourgeois enemies of the Marxist Revolution now find it difficult not only to justify the alliance, but also to maintain their image of moral and ideological purity.

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Many Italians are beginning to think of the Communist party as a political party like any other, mainly interested in gaining and keeping power, in actual practice as anti-revolutionary as the Christian Democrats. It is impossible to foresee where this trend will lead to, if it continues. One might hope for greater political realism now that the twin myths, the magical talismans of America and Russia, are faded and dying in the popular imagination. Very few people here actually imagine that an intervention by the U.S., or the Church, or Russia, or some spontaneous Marxist revolution can resolve this situation of near-anarchy. Rational cooperation between the major parties might permit people here to tap the reserves of energy that can be blocked by fear and panic. But failing this, one can easily imagine other solutions in which order is imposed at the cost of great violence.

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What led to the events of last March? Sheer happenstance or sinister design? Nobody here claims to know, but everybody has his own suspicion. The Whirlwind Theory is a particular favorite among the city's Christian Democrat minority. It contains certain elements of undeniable truth. It goes like this.

For many years the Communist Party has been calculatingly gathering every kind of protest movement under its wing, casting itself in the role of historic leader of the left, the party of workers and intellectuals. It has even adopted causes which it felt little initial sympathy for, such as divorce and abortion. (Italian Communists are intensely moralistic, and family-oriented, not unlike certain types of Italian Catholics.) The Party has supported various oppressed minorities, such as workers, students and women, in their vociferous demands for redress of ancient injustices. It has created a generation that is quick to make a Marxist analysis of any social problem, and even quicker to demand its rights, but lacking any sense of responsibility or mea-

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sure. Even though the party has backed many just causes, its support of such groups has undermined respect for institutions, such as the hospital, the police and the schools.

Take the latter as an example. The academic programs of universities, high schools and junior highs have been wrecked for several years by endless student strikes, assemblies that last two or three days, student occupation of the premises, and *autogestione* (week-long periods when students run classes and do not permit teachers in the classrooms). A generation has grown up with no respect for authority; it has learned little in school. A loud minority has become proficient in transforming legitimate political concerns into pretexts for self-indulgent idleness. The morale of the nation's teachers has been broken.

Thus the Communists, the theory runs, have taught those under thirty bad habits which undermine the nation, and which the Communists themselves despise, but coldbloodedly exploit until the day they come to power and ruthlessly suppress all forms of protest as in Russia. According to the Whirlwind Theory, it is only poetic justice that student protest on the far left, but outside the aegis of the party, should catch the party unawares, in Bologna of all places. With a certain satisfaction the supporters of this theory watch the Communists' awkward attempts to explain why they called in and supported the police who apparently killed one of the student demonstrators.

The second theory, the Conspiracy Theory, finds the justice of the Whirlwind Theory too poetic, the whole scenario a little too apt. The result of the events is too beautifully advantageous to the Christian Democrats to be wholly fortuitous. This theory can be heard everywhere in the city from Bolognesi of every political persuasion. It too contains many elements of truth. There are many variants, but in its main outline the Conspiracy Theory runs like this. In recent years Bologna's civic pride has been so strong that the city thought itself immune from internal attack. The worst imaginable danger was that fascists from outside might plant bombs in strategic points throughout the city. Citizens of all parties love and respect their city too much ever to cause it physical harm. Even strongly anti-Communist Bolognesi speak with pride of the city's downtown area, whose extensive Medieval and Renaissance structures are maintained in excellent condition on the outside, while judicious modernization is permitted behind the facades. It is unthinkable that kids from the city and the region would rush to the heart of the city during the course of a university scuffle, break into gun shops and begin wrecking and looting stores, leaving everything a shambles. Not even the murder by the police of a student in *Lotta Continua* could unleash that kind of a protest. And, in fact, a number of "outsiders," or non-students were reported seen among the students, orchestrating the whole affair, fanning the flames of discontent, shrewdly pushing the protest towards the commercial area.

At this point the Conspiracy Theory takes off in two different directions. The first, and simpler, interprets the whole episode as a kind of Guerrilla Theater staged by student groups who think of themselves as belonging to the far left. They consist mainly of well-heeled middle-class kids, violent and self-righteous, romantically living out the myths of Che Guevara and the *tupamaros*, before settling down to a comfortable bourgeois existence. During the day they plot revolution in the city, at night they return to sleep in the suburban villas of their parents, who are often the enlightened Communists against whom they are revolting. These students rightly see Communism as a bourgeois ideology. However, their protest was cunningly directed by truly revolutionary groups whose goal is the destruction of the Italian State. Such groups must remove the Communist Party from its role of historic leader of the Left. No stage was better suited for their activities than Bologna. (In point of fact no one is sure who and what these groups on the far left really represent.)

The more elaborate Conspiracy Theory concedes the existence of middle-class students playing at guerrilla warfare, but sees them as exploited by forces on the right that want to destroy popular confidence in institutions, sow fear of violent leftist groups, and prepare the ground for a dictatorship that will permit the many multinational companies in Italy to safeguard their investments and increase profits. Such a dictatorship would suit certain forces in the U.S. government by eliminating the possibility of a democratically elected Communist government in Italy.

Supporters of this version claim that the very groups on the far left that played an active role in the events of last March were not only funded by the CIA, but also infiltrated by its agents. The proponents of this theory point to Portugal as an example of a country where the CIA gave heavy support to a party on the far left in order to undermine the Communists. One national magazine here reported that CIA agents had enrolled as regular students at the Johns Hopkins Center for International Studies which is located near the university. It is also said that the police recognized many of the outsiders as hard-bitten criminal types who happen to be out of jail right now. (No one here knows for sure whether this information is true.)

Each of these theories explains some of the facts, but each is insufficient, by itself, to explain what really happened. It is true that the Bolognesi Communists underestimated popular dissatisfaction with them, and were caught offguard by the very kind of protest that they have been able, up to now, to turn to their own advantage. There were, in fact, certain elements of guerrilla theater from students who really do want to

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destroy the State. However, it is not quite clear to what extent, if any, right-wing elements helped create, and then exploited the events of last March. Given their history of involvement in similar enterprises, and the great relish with which they commented on the situation in Bologna, it is not improbable that groups on the right had a hand in it all. But, for the present, no one really knows what happened or why.

American observers here tend to reject out of hand, and a little naively, any form of Conspiracy Theory, as plainly paranoid. They prefer a simple story of headstrong youth rioting in the Spring, disgruntled, not surprisingly, by a double-dealing Communist administration. They prefer to explain the riots in terms of chance rather than malevolent design.

No Bolognese of my acquaintance thinks chance had much to do with it. They think that this story, like the story of the *Prima Linea* guerrillas who are currently shooting journalists, professors and politicians in the legs in the name of "the Communist Revolution," does not quite hang together. There is something about it that stinks, however faintly. Bolognesi on all points of the political spectrum feel that they are being had by forces that want to suppress democracy in the name of "anti-Communism." Interestingly enough, *no one* thinks that the Communists are behind this. They are too obviously the losers for this to be true.

The Communists, in fact, are in bad shape. Their reputation for personal integrity and political responsibility remains intact, although a little soiled. The myth of their political invulnerability in Bologna is gone. People see them as just another party, perhaps the best of the lot, but no longer with any special magic. In the long run, as they continue to join with the shortsighted mercenary Christian Democratic hacks in the Historic Compromise, they can only continue to lose prestige. Their carefully constructed coalition, threatened in all its parts, is in danger of collapsing. Promising a Marxist revolution to the workers, keeping a considerable part of the middle class happy, and governing in tandem with its enemies is probably too much for any party to hope to carry off.

If the Communist Party in Bologna should lose its grip on the city as a result of internal contradictions exacerbated by events like those of last March, one can not help but wonder where the workers and middle class will turn. At present no other party has any moral authority or prestige. The influence of both the Church and the American government is very low. And they, like most Italians, are exasperated by the incompetence of the Christian Democrats on whom they must rely. After thirty years of poor government, their stock is so low that any belated attempts to restore their image would almost certainly be greeted by gales of cynical laughter. It is the party of those who do not want the Communists, and nothing more. It bears even less relation to the tenets of Christianity as found in the Gospels than the Communist Party does to the teachings of Lenin and Marx. In the meantime, fear and mistrust eat away at the fabric of Italian society. People feel helpless. Even the Communists are looking for a scapegoat. No one feels that they really know what is going on, but everybody has the sense of being manipulated by forces they can not define.

At present no other party [except the Communist] has any moral authority or prestige. The influence of both the Church and the American governments is very low. And they, like most Italians, are exasperated by the incompetence of the Christian Democrats on whom they must rely.

It is just possible that all this disorder is the result of social decay aggravated by rapid social change and backward political and social structures. Perhaps *no one* is orchestrating the various fascist and leftist groups that are busily sowing terror. Perhaps this universal feeling that there is a conspiracy afoot is but a simple defense-mechanism to shield the nation from an unacceptable truth, i.e., that it is caught up in incomprehensible and uncontrollable chaos. For it would be a comfort to think that this disorder has been planned by somebody, or is being used for the advantage of someone, no matter how wicked.

Or perhaps there *are* rival conspiracies vying for power in Italy. Perhaps elements in some of the political parties, the government offices, industry, etc. along with elements in the American government are conniving with, or exploiting various extremist groups. No American can write this off as improbable, given our recent past (three major political assassinations, the attempted overthrow of Castro, the successful coup against Allende, the various CIA and FBI scandals). Those Americans who are still troubled by such things should consider the possibility, however faint, that what happened here last March, and is still occurring throughout the peninsula, is being done in their name by the government they elected last November.

When I asked a professor at the University here whether he thought that the U.S. government had had a hand in last Spring's riots, he replied that he did not think so. Italy would not become another Chile, he said, because the Chilean situation was much simpler and clearer. American companies stood to lose too much, so their government stepped in. I then asked what he thought had happened here four months ago. He said that he still was not sure, but that he had been

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left with one disturbing detail. During the riots he walked with the student *corteo*, or procession, from the University to the downtown area. When they reached the business area and began passing in front of the various stores, the windows seemed to begin smashing themselves as if by magic. The marching students did not slow up, they stayed in the middle of the street, a certain distance from the windows. From his vantage point at the rear he could see no thrown object, yet each large plate of glass seemed of its own accord to disintegrate. He noted that when students are incensed, they usually break windows by dramatically throwing rocks. He is curious to know who the students were, if they were students, who broke the windows, what the technique was they used, and why it was they were so well prepared and cool, while the others were furious at the death of one of their number at the hands, it seems, of the police.

I asked a store-owner who broke his windows and why. For him there was no mystery. When he got back to his store after the riots, all the windows had been smashed, and in the rubble he found four or five plastic bags filled with rocks. He said that this was done by students who had been warming up for over a year with similar shenanigans, although on a smaller scale. The Communist city administration had left them alone for fear of ruining its image as champion of students, and defender of the left. In short, he put forward a version of the Whirlwind Theory.

A cop who did not assist at the riots, but who keeps his eyes open, had some different thoughts. Personally he abhors any thought of a conspiracy. However, he and his colleagues are intrigued by the murder of the student from *Lotta Continua*. Was the killer a police officer, an agent of some outside group, a student trying to look like a cop? Was the killing a mistake or part of a larger scheme? I asked him if he thought there were some link between the persons (police officers or not) who shot that student, and the other cool-headed persons who walked with the angry students and inconspicuously headed their bags of stones. He shook his head: "E un rebus!" It's a riddle.

THE BISHOPS PLAY MONOPOLY

DANIEL MORRISSEY

The traditional independence of Catholic publishers is at stake

The Catholic hierarchy is trying to monopolize the religious books market in this country and has been violating federal antitrust laws in the process. The Bishops' Committee on the Liturgy, through its executive, Augustinian Father John E. Rotelle, has instructed independent Catholic religious goods merchants not to sell a private-devotional prayerbook bearing an Irish imprimatur. Archbishop Joseph Bernardin, the president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, has also told a noted Catholic publishing house not to distribute another prayerbook of unquestioned orthodoxy and literary quality because it might compete in the market of private-devotional material with a similar version producing translation royalties for the bishops.

These two events do not raise questions about the bishops' ultimate authority to decide which English texts will be used for the Church's public worship. They do, however, reveal dictatorial measures by the bishops and their agents to control and profit from the distribution of material used for private worship. At issue also are the traditional independence of Catholic publishers, the proper application of the imprimatur power and the appointment of Rotelle to two powerful positions engendering a serious conflict of interest.

The immediate victim of this first case of ecclesiastical market-cornering is Harry Costello, the proprietor of a self-described "Mom and Pop" religious publishing house. Costello is an unpretentious and immediately-likable middle-aged business man who has been making his living for a number of years dealing in religious books.

Costello contracted with an Irish publisher to purchase and distribute its simplified version of the breviary entitled *Morning, Evening and Night Prayer*. This prayerbook was recommended by the Dominican Order for worldwide devotional use by its lay members and had received an imprimatur from an Irish bishop.

Costello imported the prayerbook and placed it for sale with various church-goods dealers and religious-books stores throughout the country. Shortly thereafter, Rotelle telephoned Costello to tell him that his prayerbook did not have official approval and could not be sold. Three days later on May 29, 1976 Rotelle sent a memo to all the independent merchants telling them to stop selling the "unauthorized" prayerbook and promis-

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ing them a marketable substitute approved by the American bishops which would soon be distributed by a rival publisher, Catholic Books Publishers, Inc.

The retailers reacted predictably to this not-to-subtle hierarchical pressure and told Costello with regret that they were compelled to boycott his prayerbook. Soon thereafter they were supplied with Rotelle's promised substitute published by Catholic Books. The Rotelle-Catholic Books version was quite similar to Costello's in form and content except that it used a different English translation of the original Latin text, a translation promulgated by the International Commission on English in the Liturgy (ICEL).

ICEL was created after the Second Vatican Council by the Catholic Episcopal Conferences of the English-speaking countries to translate liturgical texts. It holds the copyrights to those translations and receives royalties from the companies who obtain licenses to publish and sell them. The American bishops put up approximately 75 percent of ICEL's initial investment and receive a corresponding share of its profits from royalties. The executive secretary of ICEL is the self-same John E. Rotelle who doubles as the executive director of the Bishops' Committee on the liturgy.

Royalties

To no one's surprise Rotelle the liturgist has shown a marked preference for the works of Rotelle the translator; the bishops have completely accepted ICEL's texts for the official worship of the church. All the royalty revenue from the sale of those liturgical books finds its way, of course, back to the bishops through ICEL.

Likewise, the Rotelle-ordered boycott of Costello's prayerbook and the sale of the Catholic Books-ICEL substitute which he promoted enriched the bishops' royalty revenue. It may also have gratified Rotelle, who fancies himself a literary scholar, to know that all the simplified breviaries were using his approved translation. But by his interference in the open sale of Costello's prayerbook, Rotelle stepped from directing internal church worship to monopolizing a market for a commodity being sold to the general public.

The last thing Costello, a faithful Catholic, desired was a confrontation with Rotelle or his hierarchical superiors. Rotelle's actions, however, had not only wiped out his investment in the Irish prayerbooks, but had also begun to sour his long-standing reputation with Catholic merchants as a distributor of orthodox literature.

With reluctance, then, Costello engaged legal counsel to present his economic grievances to the bishops and possibly work out some way that he could sell his prayerbook. The negotiations, however, proved to be a one-sided experience. Costello proposed several forms of advertising disclaimers designed to meet any ecclesiastical objections that he was trying to pass his prayerbook off as an "approved" text for public worship. The bishops' attorney rejected all such submissions and insisted that the Church could do nothing to relieve Costello of "a bad business deal."

As a last resort Costello filed a federal antitrust lawsuit against Rotelle and the bishops in Washington, D.C. charging two basic combinations in restraint of trade: the Rotelle-ordered boycott of his prayerbook and a larger scheme between the North American bishops and the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland and the British Isles to divide up the world market for religious books, particularly the market for abridged breviaries. Since Costello's prayerbook used a translation copyrighted by the Irish and British bishops, they, not the American bishops, were entitled to royalties from its sale. Rotelle banned the prayerbook in America because its sale here breached the English-speaking bishops' cozy agreement not to compete with one another across the Atlantic.

The distinguished liturgical publisher, St. John's Abbey Press of Collegeville, Minnesota, suffered a similar fate at the hands of Rotelle and his boss Archbishop Bernardin. St. John's had been publishing a short-form breviary suited to lay use since 1940. When it was set to bring out its fifth edition of that work entitled *Book of Prayer* in November, 1975, it was told by the bishops to hold up publication until six months after the similar Rotelle-Catholic Books version hit the market. St. John's had to reluctantly accede to this headstart by the bishops' volume because St. John's version had been given an imprimatur by one of its competitor's directors, the Bishop of St. Cloud, Minnesota, who is a member of the Bishops' Committee on the Liturgy.

In March, 1977, six months after the Rotelle-Catholic Books "official" version was published, St. John's prepared to distribute its edition but was informed by Bernardin that the bishops would not allow the book to be sold at all. The Bishop of St. Cloud followed suit by withdrawing his imprimatur although the orthodoxy of the St. John's breviary or its literary quality was never questioned. St. John's was only told that its book would not contribute to the "uniformity of prayer which the bishops desire."

Costello and St. John's, of course, are only the initial victims of the bishops' anti-competitive agreements, boycott orders and ecclesiastical strong-arming. When the bishops and their publishing consorts become the sole sellers of prayer material they can set their price which every consumer, Catholic or not, must pay. This ecclesiastical monopoly stifles not only economic and scholarly competition but also literary and artistic variety. In the case of the Costello prayerbook, American Dominicans additionally are cut off from a common

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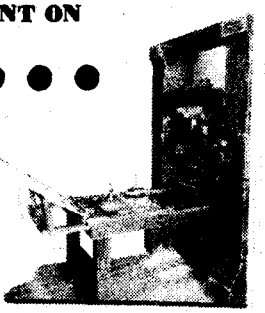
prayer text used by their co-religionists elsewhere in the English-speaking world.

Counsel for Rotelle and the bishops has refused to discuss the Costello and St. John's cases while the Costello matter is in litigation and has likewise refused to make his clients available to answer questions about either instance. But the bishops continue to resist Costello in court with dilatory and complicating maneuvers including the intervention of the Anglo-Irish bishops with a trumped-up claim against Costello's Irish printer for breach of their licensing agreement. As one of Costello's fellow publishers commented on the case, "The Church has never considered itself bound by the economic laws of this country; it will probably take the bishops a while to learn they don't control independent merchants here as they did in medieval Europe."

THE NIGHT THE LIGHTS WENT ON

PRESS



I missed it again. The last time I was in Rome, tearing copy from the UPI European wire when a flash came through that New York City had gone dark. For weeks thereafter every letter from home had a blackout story. They weren't dramatic. Nobody I knew had been in surgery, or in an elevator, or on the IRT Express somewhere between City Hall and Union Square, but the stories had an air of excitement all the same, something of what children feel in a big storm when the streams begin to rise and trees go down in the wind. Even from the distance of Rome it was clear that the great blackout of 1965 had been a special event, a bit like V-J Day, when New Yorkers all experienced the same thing at the same time and would not have missed it for the world.

This time I was in Vermont, and the stories friends told were pretty much the same—dinners interrupted, a game of bakgammon finished by candlelight, streets earlier dark, trouble getting home, a reminder of what life had been like before the invention of the air conditioner. Only one story broke the pattern. A schoolteacher said she'd been called by a worried friend in Holland. Was she all right? Of course; the lights were off and the milk was turning sour in the icebox, but that was all. Nothing to worry about. Really? The friend was puzzled. He'd heard there was looting, mass arrests, the city aflame. The schoolteacher reassured her friend; she lived in the Village; nothing like that was going on where she lived.

Which was just the point. The great blackout of 1977 inverted an old metaphor, an ancient workhorse of literature like the notorious tip of the iceberg which darkly hints of the huge mass invisible beneath the surface of the water. In the present instance it was not a flash of lightning but the sudden darkness which revealed the landscape, a city divided by frontiers which could not have been more impassable if they'd been marked by barbed wire and checkpoints. Maybe people in the village or in Brooklyn Heights or on the Upper East and West Sides were sharing candles and putting up stranded friends for the night, vignettes which might fit nicely into a novel by Jane Austen, but the scene elsewhere was from *The Day of the Locust*—kids ripping the gates from storefronts in Harlem and Brooklyn, shopkeepers with rifles, thousands of arrests, stripped show windows, women with supermarket carts filled with stolen food, men staggering home with color TVs. Pretty clearly something had changed in New York between 1965 and 1977, and the press was not slow to point out what it was.

Newspapers love big dramatic events in which editors can rise to the occasion in the manner of generals directing a battle, dispatching reporters across the map, laying out their stories, assigning roundups and sidebars, bringing out the big type for banner headlines. The air of excitement lends urgency to deadlines, returns journals squarely to the center of community life, and makes sense of the custom that they come out every day. A crisis justifies the hugeness of the enterprise, and journalists find nothing so bracing as knowing that what they write is going to be read with more than the usual sense of dull and grudging obligation. For a day or two after the blackout the fat headlines of the *New York Post* seemed more than a nervous tic, and it's even possible that no one in the entire city picked up his morning's *Times* with the old complaint that it was too fat, too full, too much ado about nothing.

This was all to be expected. The interesting thing about blackout coverage was the speed and the unanimity with which people got the point. Everyone recognizes in a dutiful way that the poor are always with us; the blackout was a reminder of something more, that the cities of America harbor not simply a mass of people who fall below federally determined poverty levels (e.g., $5,500 for a non-farm family of four) but an underclass of violent, chaotic, unattached people who won't go away.

Perhaps no one had quite forgotten the riots of 1967 and later years, but no one had been talking much about them, either, and certainly nothing was being *done* about the problem, if indeed there is anything which can be done. The blackout eerily revealed in

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darkness rather than light what Michael Harrington once called *The Other America*. He was speaking of the poor throughout the country—out-of-work miners in Appalachia, old folks eking by on Social Security, Indians and Chicanos and all those people who lose their jobs when the GNP drops by a tenth of a point. What the blackout revealed was the lowest of the low, the underclass of black and Hispanic poor dumped in the cities, an alienated, restless, anarchic mass as unmalleable as any the world has seen since the mob of ancient Rome.

Rome, it will be remembered, also had a welfare problem. Its origins were not so different from those of our own. When Rome became an empire and the city was flooded with foreign money the first thing to be hit by inflation was land. High land prices and the introduction of slaves were more than the citizen farmers could handle. Huge estates took their place and the dispossessed farmers gradually drifted to the capital where they went on the dole. At first the grain ration was considered a temporary measure, but things never sorted themselves out, there was nothing for the dispossessed farmers to do, and for five hundred years they remained a volatile mob in the heart of Rome, demanding bread and circuses and periodically erupting in violent riots which more than once ended with the burning of the city. This was a welfare problem with a vengeance and the Romans never solved it. When the Huns and Goths arrived they merely pushed over a tottering structure, rotten within.

It was some such vision as this which emerged when the lights went out in New York, and everybody began to see. There were no lonely voices, no solitary prophets pointing to the dispossessed rabble seething just across the frontiers of Harlem and Brooklyn. Everybody got the point *right away*.

Three days after Con Edison's lights went off, and the mental lights went on, an editorial in the *Times* said: ". . . the darkness of Wednesday night made us see more about our city and our national policies than we have been able to see in a decade of sunshine. We were forced to confront . . . (the fact) that profound problems of race and poverty still lurk just beneath the surface of this fruitful society, that they pose a constant threat to a social fabric that is in fact surprisingly fragile. . . We've been put on notice again."

There's nothing to criticize here, unless it's a certain note of ungenerous panic. The *Times* talked about "justice" and "peace," but what really alarmed the writer was the awful sense that my God! if we don't do something about them, they're going to do something about us! But that's a quibble; the result was the same in any event: a sense of things let go for too long.

The facts of poverty and race in the United States are easy to come by. Various government bureaus unload bushels of them periodically. Even a few examples demonstrate the magnitude of the problem:

—Black family income is only 60 percent of that for whites.

—More than half of black children in the North go to schools which are 90 percent black.

—Half of all the unemployed in the United States are under 25.

—Unemployment among black youths is nearly 50 percent. (It was "only" 29 percent in 1973.)

—Nearly 26 million Americans—12 percent of the population—are poor by federal standards.

—There are 9 million poor in the nation's central cities.

The Trouble with such statistics is that they reveal the extent without having much to say about the nature of the problem. The condition of the elderly poor might be alleviated by money alone. In the case of the people who went looting the night of July 13, the solution is more elusive. Welfare payments, job training, subsidized employment, remedial education, busing, rent subsidies, lowcost housing, counseling, "community action" programs and just about every other social service nostrum known to man have been tried in the past without much result. Perhaps they were not given money or time to work. No one seems to know for sure, because no one quite knows what the problems is when it's been stripped of statistics. Oscar Lewis called it "the culture of poverty," by which he meant an air of feckless, disspirited, volatile confusion passed from one generation to the next like a family name.

Whatever the condition of the urban poor is, it is intractable if not ineradicable, and it has the irrepressible force of all growing things, like seedlings which can crack concrete. A couple of years ago I wrote an article about the various "modalities" of cure for heroin addiction. One was mandatory incarceration and treatment in a state training center under a program sponsored by Nelson Rockefeller. I visited the Arthur Kill center in a remote corner of Staten Island and spent a couple of hours talking to the director, a calm, intelligent, somewhat puzzled black man who had spent his life in one form or another of social work.

The training center was just what you'd expect: an instant structure of plastic, glass and aluminum surrounded by cyclone fencing topped with barbed wire, and inhabited by a lot of young blacks and Puerto Ricans with alert eyes. I don't know what happened to them; certainly nothing happened to the heroin problem in New York City.

But the thing I remember best was a remark by the director. He mentioned in passing that arriving at the Arthur Kill training center was like old home week. Right away he met three or four guys he used to know years ago when they'd all been youth workers with one of the fighting gangs in Brooklyn. When the gangs died at the end of the Fifties they'd moved on, and now

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here they were together again, fighting heroin. Small world.

But the odd thing, he said, the really interesting thing was that he knew so many of the inmates too. They'd only been kids when he first met them, members of the Savage Skulls and the Death Angels, tearing up the streets of Bedford Stuyvesant on hot summer nights, and now here they were again, in their mid-twenties, strung out on junk.

This puzzled and amused the director. It was apparent he felt like someone trying to plug a leak in a dike. Everytime he got one leak stopped up, the water simply forced it way through somewhere else. He cannot have been much surprised at what happened after the lights went out in New York. Nothing much had ever been done for his kids, after all. When the looters spilled into the streets it was just another leak in the dike.

THOMAS POWERS

SUMMER RERUNS

THE SCREEN

Since there are nothing but reruns on television, summer is the time that Hollywood hopes the public will go out to a movie. With that end in view, the industry, when it's smart, offers the summer trade the most original work it can—*New York, New York*, or *Star Wars*, for instance—so people will feel a movie really is an alternative to the tired stuff on the tube. In fact, the movie industry used to be so loath to repeat itself that it couldn't see the legitimate worth of playing its own re-runs—the classics of the 30s and 40s—in summer festivals at repertory theaters. That market had to be created, in effect, by popular demand. But in recent years the film industry has developed its own equivalent of the re-run mentality, and this summer more than in previous ones, it seems to be getting the upper hand. What I'm referring to, of course, is Hollywood's penchant for sequels and, beyond that, for all sorts of derivative schlock which tries to do the same thing as a re-run —to exploit some earlier success and milk it dry.

Like a big fish eating a small one, *Orca The Killer Whale* has tried to swallow whole the popularity of *Jaws*, and *The Deep* has attempted to contain the appeal of both. *The Heretic* has followed officially from *The Exorcist*, like *The Deep* from *Jaws*, while *Audrey Rose* has, like *Orca*, tried to horn in on the action. Trailing along after the annual *Airport* and *Black Sunday*, this summer *Rollercoaster* is hoping to take us for the ride. And so on. Last and, one might wish, least in this sequence of sequels, serials, second-hand soap and rip-offs, two new comedies are now trying to do for that genre what the films just mentioned have done for the thriller, horror film, etc. The films are Marty Feldman's *The Last Remake of Beau Geste* and nobody-in-particular's *The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training*. These films just go to show that the old formula still works. (The old formula is: the more words there are in the title, the less there will be to the film itself.)

Like Marty Feldman, *The Last Remake of Beau Geste* depends excessively on what it is, as opposed to what it can do, to be funny. With his goggle eyes that go off in different directions and his under-slung, faintly idiotic smile, Feldman looks so silly that he knows a little mugging will be as likely to get him a laugh as any performance he might put on. In similar fashion, as the writer-director of this film, he obviously feels that the whole idea of remaking *Beau Geste* is so campy, it hardly requires elaboration or invention beyond just having thought of it. Seen today, *Beau Geste* itself is such a sketch to Feldman that he can't resist including part of a scene from it in his own film, contriving a dialogue between himself and Gary Cooper in which they appear to sit at the same table in the same room. The dialogue doesn't make any sense or even have any funny lines in it, but the very fact that it is taking place is supposed to amuse us.

Since *Remake*'s cast includes Trevor Howard, James Earl Jones, Michael York, Ann-Margaret, Peter Ustinov, Spike Milligan, Roy Kinnear and Ed McMahon (in addition to Feldman himself and, of course, Gary Cooper), it is also an attempt to carry the film by mere presence. Only after we get beyond the concept and the cast might we expect to get down to some inherently original material. But this is unfortunately the point where *Remake* becomes most derivative. The trouble is that Feldman's ideas about movie comedy are so heavily influenced by Mel Brooks, they're hardly Feldman's at all. And on top of that, Brooks's own ideas are themselves such a scavenger hunt through movie history that they're seldom truly original either.

When Feldman has a blind man serving soup in the legionnaire's mess in *Remake*, it's funny enough, except that the edge is taken off our amusement by our sense of *déjà vu*. Brooks used exactly the same gag in one of the scenes in *Young Frankenstein*. For that matter, the first time we ever saw Marty Feldman, it was in *Young Frankenstein* when he met Gene Wilder at the Transylvania Station and directed him to "Walk this way." As Feldman then hobbled off, Wilder followed attempting to imitate Feldman's spastic, hunch-back shuffle. That was a pretty good gag too, but *it* was out of W. S. van Dyke's *Another Thin Man*, where a dottering butler fed the same line to William Powell and was followed with the same mockery. By the time we get to *Remake* there have been too many boxes within boxes, too many carbon copies of the ideas that once made some movies

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funny for those ideas to be even legible any more. The only sequel with any originality and wit you might get a chance to see this summer is *Another Thin Man*, which provided the only laugh you ever got out of Marty Feldman in the first place.

The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training has, if possible, even less to recommend it. It doesn't have, for instance, Peter Ustinov, Spike Milligan, Roy Kinnear or even Marty Feldman, nor is it at least a reminder, however pale, of a movie better than itself. It certainly isn't a reminder of the original *Bad News Bears,* for in that film Walter Matthau supplied a lot of vinegar as the dipso ex-ballplayer who took on the coaching of the Bears only with the greatest reluctance. Instead of Matthau, this film gives us William Devane as the absentee father of a member of the team. When the Bears arrive without a coach for the All-Sun Belt Championship (or whatever) at the Astrodome in Houston, Devane is given a chance to make it all up to his kid by doing the coaching himself. (*All* is the fact that dad, now divorced from mom and living in Houston, hasn't even bothered to see his son in eight years.) Dad of course turns out to be the greatest coach that ever knocked the dirt from his cleats. In one weekend he turns a bunch of stumblebums into a crack team and makes up eight years of neglect to his kid. Far from adding a bit of vinegar, the adult is the pre-sweetening on this film.

That leaves the Bears themselves, and although a couple of them can act, or at least ham it up engagingly, they don't have enough collective personality to carry the movie. Besides, the relationship to an adult, and so to the whole adult world, is the crucial one in any kids' movie just as it is in the real lives of kids. In a movie that's aimed at children as an audience, no matter how much dirty talk there is in the kids or "bad news" in the world where they live, in the end that world should be capable of decent human relationships and at least some moral order in which a kid can believe. The relationship between Tatum O'Neal and Walter Matthau in the original *Bears* made the grade in this regard. The relationship between Devane and his kid in the sequel doesn't. I'm afraid the only alternative Hollywood can offer is, again, an historical one—*Treasure Island*, or a Chaplin or John Ford film. Hollywood always used to be accused to making movies for adults that were, morally and philosophically, too juvenile. Now Hollywood does it the other way around, which is worse.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

NANCY YANES HOFFMAN

VIOLET WEINGARTEN

Victor Weingarten

Those women who were graduated from college in the forties and fifties knew that if they studied hard enough, wore their white gloves to luncheons and interviews, met the right men and knew how to make them think they were interesting enough so these men would offer the job of a lifetime or a house in the suburbs—then the dreams of the glossy magazines would come true. But one day, they woke up to find that they were pushing, or passing, or past forty, and somehow all the dreams hadn't come true. Or if they had, they were the wrong dreams at the wrong time. These women were getting older, not better, and the men in their lives, by whose specifications they had defined those lives, were as restless and harassed as they, but the women thought that the men had more options. Such women, still believing the myths, started playing more roles—not less. To daughter, wife, mother, were added seductress, sex-object, career-woman, but the world kept changing, never noticed that these women were trying to change with it. Nobody writes about these women, now in their forties and fifties, still running in place, trying trying to catch up. Or nobody writes well about these women —except perhaps Violet Weingarten.

All four of Weingarten's novels, *Mrs. Beheker, a Loving Wife, a Woman of Feeling* and *Half a Marriage*, titular ironies all, portray a certain kind of middle-aged woman caught between transition and tradition, living well but nervously in New York and its environs, highly-educated at Ivy League or Seven Sisters' Schools but without job skills, sexually-ignorant and sexually-cloistered, deracinated Jews acutely conscious of being lonely outsiders in a non-Jewish world, but having no sense of belonging to an European-Judaic heritage. The Weingarten woman's world is anarchic, despite its Lord and Taylor's well-kept appearance (a facade that incorporates the woman herself, who knows she is kept, knows she is financially dependent). If her values ever did pertain in that remote past known as youth, no longer are those values the verities, eternal or

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temporal. Middle-aged, Weingarten's women are that middle generation whose parents told them to sit up straight(and they obeyed), whose children tell them not to be so "straight," not to butt in and not to let the ink run dry on the checkbook. Aging parents ("Was it ever possible to talk to a parent without feeling guilty?"), the living-together arrangements of the young ("No matter what you did, you couldn't win), the questioning of a too-facile political "gliberalism," the creature comforts, the intellectual muscular dystrophy, and the varietist urge of a successful middle-aged husband to prove he still is young and attractive—these are the vines, the underbrush, the trees of Weingarten's forest, central metaphor and structure of her last novel, *Half a Marriage*.

The young "liberal" and "liberated" reviewers cut Weingarten to shreds. They find her protagonists passive and masochistic. But Weingarten enjoins her protagonists to "play-act," and finds the games worth the candle, at least for the middle-class woman who has been raised with no other *modus vivendi*. Jane Robbins, the central figure and controlling intelligence ("It's hard enough to write your own story, let alone someone else's. There are more things I don't understand than I do".) In the course of the novel, she learns what she wants, and writes it all down. She writes it several times, from several attempted points of view, never quite finishing each ostensible false start and inset story, as form follows function and reflects her agitation. Like the classical Penelope, another Weingarten archetype, she waits, endures and contemptuously calls herself "a moron Griselda."

What distinguishes Weingarten from those glossy magazines and the Mirabel Morgans? A commitment to pinning down the truth about what she feels and thinks, though her women usually are afraid to voice their thoughts and feelings because they are obsessed with being liked. Weingarten anatomizes the self-delusions-and-illusions, the alarms and confusions, and forces her Jane to see herself with a clarity lit by wit. Pretense is not her métier, tempting though it may be. When Jane, writer and actor in her own dream, exaggerates her own importance or the sweep and significance of her emotions, she quickly calls attention to her romantic mythologizing with the sharply-honed scalpel of realistic undercutting.

No matter how far afield her protagonists go in her four novels, Weingarten returns them to a traditional structured marriage. Whatever its deficiencies, marriage is still the only path through the forest for modern middle-aged women untrained to be trail-blazers. In *Half a Marriage*, Weingarten criticizes this kind of woman's way of life, tries to see the forest for the trees, yet ends "together on the darkling plain"—in a clearing, but not through the forest.

II

In *Half a Marriage*, the abandoned wife Jane compulsively babbles, "It was never like this before . . . almost everyone I know has left his wife . . . Nearly everyone, that is. It's like the plague in the Middle Ages. It spreads from house to house, and you never know when it's going to hit next. It's always a younger woman, too. Twenty years younger usually. You could use a slide rule. If the man is forty, the girl is twenty. If he's fifty, she's thirty. In between, you split the difference. Maybe it's Oedipal."

The novel is about what happens when the "plague" infects the middle-aged marriage, within the general context of the decay of marriage as an institution, the loss of love, honor, obey—or even cherish—as ideals. Jane's husband Jason leaves his wife to "find himself" and the Golden Fleece, in someone else's bed. Literary, lonely, depressed, "plain Jane" tries to find herself in her own empty bed. While Jason, supposedly at a law seminar, goes to Paris with his *petite amie*, Jane drives aimlessly around New York and wonders, "What was I going to do with myself anywhere? Ever?" Feigning gaiety at parties, she seeks men to affirm herself, but they

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tell her about their affairs with other women. In a workaday world geared to the young, she looks for a job and hears, "Don't call us; we'll call you." talking to her children who are more interested in living their own lives than in listening to hers, she finds understanding from her divorcing daughter-in-law ("You're horny, Jane."). She "expands" rather than "shrinks" with her psychiatrist ("You ought to have your head examined," says Dr. Firestone when she is grateful for Jason's return), but she is jealous of the female marriage counselor who is too understanding of Jason's philandering.

Not so funny as Erica Jong nor so bitterly disappointed as Lois Gould, Weingarten is more allusive, more literate, less comfortable with the street argot which often vulgarizes contemporary fiction. Literature as process, the necessity of role-playing, sexual fantasies, connecting everyday life with her reading and writing, all reflect the confines of her age, her education, her social class. For Weingarten's Jane, writing lends purpose and structure to a life apparently deprived of meaning by Jason's departures. Weingarten talks too much about the difficulties of transmuting experience into fiction, is too much given to the vignette, the cinematic fade-out without establishing logical or psychological connections. But she has an engaging way of turning language back upon itself—and herself—as a form of self-flagellation. Painfully mocking her dedication to what she recognizes are her own frailties, Jane calls herself "Lady Chatterley, Ignoramus," a "female chauvinist sow," and sharpest indictment for so many women, particularly of Weingarten's generation but even of younger women embracing the Great Romantic Myth of Undying, All-Fulfilling Love, "Mrs. Jealousy, daughter of Mistrust, born Much-Afraid."

The Weingarten world is divided into "Marthas" and "Marys.": "Not yang and yin, or good and evil. Martha and Mary . . . the doers and the takers-as-their due, the ones who run to fetch the stool and the few who sit down secure in the knowledge that it will be there behind them (as it is, as it always is)." Asking, "How do you get to be a Mary? Or a Martha? . . . Is Martha-dom a genetic trait, or is it thrust upon one? Are Marys born or made?" Jane yearns to be a Mary, "The kind who looks at a man and says, 'I like that. I'll take it.' " Insecure, dependent, frightened, she compromises, wondering, "how I got sold that bill of goods about being a Martha, belonging and not belonging, mistress of the house and still afraid to venture into that front room without the excuse of a platter in my hand."

In the penultimate chapter of *Half a Marriage*, Jason has returned, has even stopped acting as though he's doing her a favor (most of the time). Jane says, "I am so pleased with him I decide to give him a present." Thinking she means it, she tells him, "Love isn't a tight little box. It is perfectly possible to care about one person, to love him, or her, without it affecting your relationship with someone else." Although she knows she doesn't believe it, "Not even now," ironically, "Jason is delighted with the gift. 'Absolutely,' he says, all smiles. . . . 'You've finally grown up, Jane.' I am demolished. And for the first time in months, I make the blunder. 'Do you ever think of her?' I ask. 'Constantly,' he replies." Having picked the scab, torn open the wound, she can't bear it, and asks, " 'No, really,' He gets out of bed. 'Once in a while,' "he admits, and "he goes off to the bathroom," the favorite escape (after television)of the *pro forma*, sealed-off Married.

This is pure Weingarten. The happy ending—qualified. The appetite voracious for reassurance. The pain, always surfacing, and conscientiously suppressed. And the uneasy acceptance of a truce which is the best that can be gained.

Jane never does find out what went wrong. In the midst of an epidemic, diagnosis seldom is possible. Nor does she find out how to make things right. When Jason insists that his affair is not merely an affair, but a "relationship," she declares that their thirty-year marriage was also a relationship. In the final analysis, Jane learns little, does not change, offers neither a prodigious understanding of marriage or of divorce, of "staying" or of going, if such an understanding can be effected in the chaotic modern world. What she settles for, she knows to be second best, but Weingarten implies that half a marriage is better than none, better than the quarter or sixteenth that most people half-heartedly manage, and better than "divorce on principle."

For Weingarten, the function of fiction, the great lie which tells the greater truth, is for the passive woman to assume an active voice. Much as her Jane wears the scarlet letter "A" for "Abandoned," "Alone," "Ability attentuated," much as she longs for that communion symbolized for her by their double bed, Jane finally dares ask Jason for a divorce, to "hang up—first." Not content simply to grow older, she insists on beginning to grow up. Just as she is aware of the limitations of life, Weingarten is aware of the limitations of art: "It's the nature of the form to oversimplify, but life isn't a short story, shaped to be read in a single sitting under a hair dryer. It's amorphous, loose ends and contradictory truths, no foundation all the way down the line," she writes in *Half a Marriage*. In considering how difficult it is to write about a husband who leaves a wife, whose wife fears he will leave again, she adds, "They don't make marriage the happy ending any more."

Before her premature death in the summer of 1976, Violet Weingarten already had begun to achieve that full voice which does not have to, or care to, settle for half a novel. Yet her last completed novel goes much further than most contemporary American novels about women's lives, and establishes Weingarten as a poet laureate of the "terrible meek," the middle-aged "Marthas" who, whatever the attitudinal baggage of women raised in a certain way at a certain time, know —as surely as Jay Gatsby did not: "You can't repeat the past."

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DESPISING HISTORY, LOVING PEOPLE

IVAN SANDERS

History: A Novel
ELSA MORANTE
Trans. by William Weaver
Knopf, $10.95

The point has been made—sometimes condescendingly, sometimes jubilantly—that *History* is an old fashioned novel. If by old-fashioned we mean painstaking verisimilitude and unceasing preoccupation with external detail, then Elsa Morante's story of a Roman family caught in the turmoil and destruction of the Second World War is indeed a quaintly traditional tale (the author assumes the role of a reporter or chronicler, "to tell the truth" is one of her favorite expressions); if, on the other hand, illumination of character, a rational analysis of psychological and spiritual phenomena are considered mainstays of conventional fiction, then Morante surely transcends it, to create a kind of mystical realism in which people are spurred on by inexplicable, atavistic impulses, and babes and animals are imbued with grace and wisdom. Actually, it's to be able to savor the mysterious ways of her favorite characters, to be able to do them justice with layers upon layers of evocative rather than interpretive descriptions, that she relies on antiquated narrative devices. She knows she may be trying her reader's patience with her leisurely pace, and with her habit of dwelling on the predictable, the obvious, the insignificant; yet, she steers clear of shortcuts, if only to lend dignity to her downtrodden, expendable characters. In narrating the final days of Useppe, the remarkable child hero of her novel, she practically pleads with the reader to let her take her time: "All lives, really, have the same end: and two days, in the brief passion of a kid like Useppe, are not worth less than years. Allow me, then, to stay a bit longer in the company of my little kid, before coming back alone to the secular life of the others."

In a sense all the characters of the novel are Morante's "little kids"; and her maternal solicitude makes us even more aware of the childlike qualities in them. The central figure is Ida Mancuso (also known as Iduzza), a frail and timorous widowed schoolteacher, who had learned that the only way to survive in this world is to cower. She is half-Jewish, and after the Italian racial laws are passed she lives in constant dread of being exposed. Otherwise this gentle, self-effacing, simple woman knows little of what goes on around her; and her childish ignorance, while magnifying her day-to-day anxieties, actually shields her from a true perception of her lot, enabling her to cope—impulsively, fatalistically—with an increasingly intolerable situation. Her young son, Nino's aggressive, abrasive nature, his successive infatuation with Fascism and Communism, alarms her to no end; yet she has a child's faith in her son's ability to fend for himself. Nino is a cynical, callous young man with a savage zest for life, though his limitless affection for his little brother, Useppe, as well as his fondness for animals, seems to suggest untapped kindness and innocence. The precocious and captivating Useppe is himself a child wonder. His conception and birth were inglorious—his father was a drunken German soldier who raped Ida in the winter of 1941—yet, like Wordsworth's child, he came "trailing clouds of glory." Not only is the diminutive Useppe innately good and trusting; he has an artist's refined sensibility, is able to discover beauty in the humblest of things. He converses with animals and is attuned to the inaudible: "Even inside the city sometimes, for the space of an instant, all sounds and forms around Useppe might become composed, rising in a flash, an incredible flight, towards the final scream of silence. When you saw him cover his face with both hands, in the smile of a little blind child intent on a beautiful sound, it meant his whole tiny organism was listening to that rising choir which in the language of music (wholly unknown to him) would be called a *fugue*."

Many of the other war victims that populate this vast novel are also pictured as bewildered children who were forced to grow up, and whose saving grace is their childlike simplicity. In a public shelter where she moves in with her little boy after having been bombed out of their home, Ida encounters Carulina, a fifteen-year-old girl, who, is the mother of twins. Carulina doesn't know how she became pregnant, believes in fairy tales, and loves to play hide-and-seek with other kids. She also takes very good care of her babies. The simple-minded child-woman is a dutiful, devoted mother. And there is Giovannino, a young soldier freezing to death on the Russian steppes, and realizing in his final delirium that "he also has a second body which, unlike the first, is supple, clean, and naked." Giovannino is too stiff to move, yet imagines himself curling up in bed, and feeling tiny again. Even Ida's attacker, we are told, was a mere boy whose "face betrayed an incredible immaturity," and whose wrists were "rough and innocent, like a worker's or peasant's." Not only does Morante, in this supposedly down-to-earth, naturalist novel, evoke the magical aura surrounding children, and depict the comeliness of childlike adults; she also dwells at great length on dreams, hallucinations, visions. Moreover, Ida's secret longing to be with fellow Jews, her presence

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at the train station when the inhabitants of the Roman ghetto are being taken away, as well as her and Useppe's mysterious illness: the ominous seizures and finally the davastating *grand mal*, are all described with great delicacy and a strange sense of wonder. Indeed, in reading these passages one feels like agreeing with Italian critics who maintain that *History* is closer to symbolist, decadent literature than to realism.

To be sure, some of the enigmas can be rationalized. The mysterious illness is of course epilepsy which in literature is usually associated with geniuses, artists, mystics, but which here becomes, ironically, the undoing of an obscure schoolmistress's bastard child. The heavenly fugues heard by Useppe are but symptoms of his dread disease. Not even the representation of thinking, talking animals—Blitz and Bella, faithful canine companions of Ida's boys, become major characters in the novel—need be regarded as a nod to mysticism, but rather as the ultimate in psychological realism. (Morante may have been inspired by Tolstoy who, in *Anna Karenina*, also enters the consciousness of a dog—Levin's Laska.) Reality—physical, social, not just psychological—lies at the heart of Morante's novel; her purpose, after all, is to show how the poor and the oppressed are buffeted by History's winds. Ida Mancuso's story is also the story of millions of her comrades in distress who are wrecked spiritually and physically by the war, which to them means bombings, deportations, famine, battle fatigue. They understand little of grand strategies and ideologies (Ida, for example, dreads newspapers), but, Morante strongly implies, there is not much to understand, since History is nothing but a set of abstractions, the phantasmagoria of madmen, "an obscenity from the beginning," a "history of fascisms." Though in many ways consequences of historical events, the tragedies in Ida's life seem actually to be so remote from them that the author's strict chronological progression from 1941 to 1947 as well as the unequivocally pessimistic historical summaries that preface each chapter, become, ultimately, meaningless. Only rarely—as when she compares the pompous curlicues of a small-time pimp's signature with those of Benito Mussolini—does she consciously draw parallels between the obscure and the powerful. Because most of her characters are so meticulously delineated, their sorrows and joys reach back to many different sources. Consequently, Morante's thesis about villainous History is itself a simplified abstraction. Even Marxist critics, in a refreshing switch, have argued that Elsa Morante has forced her novel into too rigid an ideological mold.

It is perhaps for this reason that the only person in the novel who is aware of the forces of History, a Jewish anarchist named Davide Segre, is also Morante's least successful creation. A tormented thinker, Davide is obviously the author's spokesman; he enunciates too neatly the dilemmas and conflicts of a political radical in search of a secular religion. Davide abhors himself for having been born a bourgeois, a Jew, for having killed a German in the war, and in his desparation he turns to drugs. His greatest problem is that he cannot reconcile his abstract love of humanity with his real aversion to people. At one point in his life he took a job in a factory, hoping to befriend the workers, but he failed miserably. In an endless, drug-inspired peroration delivered days before his death in front of an audience of unappreciative proletarians, Davide grapples—but again with unrealistic clarity—with the question of have good and evil in man. "All of us an SS hidden inside us," he cries, and then a little later: "there's a Christ inside each one of us."

All the main characters of *History* die. Davide Segre of an overdose, Useppe, at age six, of a massive epileptic fit. Nino, ex-black shirt, ex-partisan, who adjusts to postwar reality by becoming a smuggler, is killed while transporting contraband goods. And poor, withered Iduzza, after Useppe's death, finally gives up her battle against an always-threatening world and goes insane, ending her life in an asylum some years later. Not even the two dogs are spared. Yet, Morante's is not a despairing work. The author may despise History, but she loves people. Little Useppe, who couldn't learn to pronounce his name properly (which was really Giuseppe) and couldn't function in school, holds out greater hope for mankind than an army of "positive" heroes. He and his beloved sheepdog, Bella, agreed that everyone they knew was beautiful and deserved their love: "Giants or dwarfs, beggars or dandies, decrepitude or youth, nothing made any difference to him. And neither the twisted nor the hunchback, the paunchy nor the scrawny: to him none was less lovely than the world's Paragon. . ."

The Memoirs of Earl Warren

EARL WARREN

Doubleday, $10

Hugo Black and the Judicial Revolution

GERALD T. DUNNE

Simon and Schuster, $12.50

ISIDORE SILVER

It is reasonably safe to assume that History will rate Earl Warren as the greatest Chief Justice since John Marshall and Hugo Black as the most influential individual jurist of the last century. While awaiting the ultimate verdict of the implacable Muse, we should take note of other congruences, other affinities between the two men who (along with William O. Douglas) created a new jurisprudence for contemporary America. Black was born in 1886, Warren five years later; both were poor (though not grindingly so) and, at early ages, witnessed the evils of capitalism run rampant. They were —though in different ways and with different shadings—"Populists" who deplored the corruption that frequently accompanied wealth and power and sought to make Law re-

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sponsive to the needs of the poor and the marginal. Both had substantial prosecutorial careers prior to their active political years and, before ascending the High Bench (Black at age 51, Warren at 62), each had shrewdly used the then extant mass media, radio and newspapers, to abet a distinguished and progressive public service record.

They were independent, moralistic men who dramatically shed political identities and alliances (Black with the Klan, Warren with California's Republican old guard) as they acquired power and prestige. If the California of Pat (not to say, Gerry) Brown was the legacy of Warren, then Jimmy Carter's "new south" derives from Black's unstinting commitment to civil rights. Unfortunately—and it is sad—those congruences do not extend to the treatments of their lives in these two books. Dunne's is much the better and more perceptive.

Perhaps the disparity is inherent in the distinction between memoir and biography. Memoirs of public figures —the list is legendary and stretches from Harry Truman through Dwight Eisenhower to Lyndon Johnson—tend to be major disappointments. They are often badly written, almost devoid of humor, and selectively self-serving (Richard Nixon's forthcoming musings will doubtlessly conform to the disabilities of the genre). Biographies, at least when written by serious professionals with a modicum of talent, may be more graceful and tougher-minded. Although Dunne's otherwise excellent effort suffers from occasional impenetrable arcanities and a minor habit of repetition of the same stories, Warren's is almost defaced by wooden (at times, leaden) prose, a resolute unwillingness to reveal personal feelings, and serious biographical omissions. Also, the concluding chapters on the Warren Court and the Warren Commission are abbreviated and sketchy—this is probably attributable to the author's death while writing them. Whatever the reason, Warren's laconic comments about the *Brown* decision, for instance, are not in the same league with Dunne's treatment or, for that matter, with Richard Kluger's extensive analysis in *Simple Justice*.

Perhaps the modern reader—and reviewer—has been spoiled by contemporary journalism's emphasis upon "revelations." Warren does provide a few—examples of Ike's mild anti-black bigotry and his passionate denunciations of American communists as "s.o.b.'s" who should be shot have already publicly surfaced—but they are rare. There is scarcely a word about Richard Nixon and no reference to his role in undermining Warren's 1952 presidential bid, the genesis of a hardly secret split between the two. While it may be nice to know that Tom Dewey acquired a sense of humor after his 1948 loss to Truman or that Goodwin ("Goodie") Knight, Warren's successor as Governor of California, was somewhat of an incompetent, such fleeting reminiscences are not particularly important.

The memoir, if it is to serve a useful function, need not be "pure" autobiography but should contain either an appraisal of the writer's historical role or at least the matured reflections of one who has actively participated in public life. "Reflections"—a summing up—may not be readily separable from discussions of "personalities," but Warren's (apparently calculated) decision not to indulge in appraisals of the latter should not have been inexplicably extended to neglect of the former. If a memoir is to be, essentially, straight autobiography, it is meaningful only if it paints the entire picture, "warts and all" (as Cromwell put it). The dangers of selectivity, of retrospective reinterpretation, of changing emphases to downgrade the unpleasant or unpalatable and to stress the positive, are, of course, the greatest when the Emperor chooses to literarily clothe himself. Warren, unfortunately, falls into each of these traps.

For instance, his garrulousness about his years as a California public official stands in stark contrast to the laconic chapters on his later (and, for us, more significant) public career. The temptation to freely reinterpret, decades later, early events surfaces all too frequently. For instance, he was not quite effective a governor as he believes, especially after 1946 when he, but not the California legislature, became truly "progressive." He was not a reluctant candidate for President in 1948, but an eager one. He was not, as he contends, a McGovernish, McCarthyish (Gene), Carterish seeker of small campaign contributions for his 1942 gubernatorial primary campaign, but rather accepted (and, indeed, begged for) a large contribution from the Independent Petroleum Association. He did pay political debts—especially in 1945 when he appointed the rabidly conservative William Knowland to the United States Senate simply because he was the son of Warren's chief political benefactor in the state.

The dangers of selectivity are apparent in omission of mention of Warren's vigorous opposition to the appointment of Max Radin, an eminent law professor, to the California Supreme Court for reasons having to do not with competence but politics. The editorial footnote inserted after Warren's death does not indicate the importance of the incident at the time. While Warren's *apologia* for his advocacy of internment and removal of Japanese-Americans at the beginning of World War II is graceful, his discussion of the California Regent's Loyalty Oath controversy of the '50s is incomplete, misleading, and self-serving. Warren was a conservative, somewhat shallow, Republican for much of his early political career rather than the Hiram Johnson Progressive he retrospectively believes himself to have been (uncommented upon is the irony of Knowland's appointment to Johnson's Senate seat). Thus, despite an earlier record of competence and integrity as Alameda County District Attorney and a latter one of luster as Chief Justice of the United States, there were some warts —though not deforming ones.

Dunne's depiction of Hugo Black's

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public life is, in contrast, rich, complex, and sensitive to nuance, ambiguity, and paradox. Black was a consummate actor and politician (Warren was only the latter), and his colorful and controversial political career was only a prelude to the equally dramatic, though publicly muted, clash on the Court between himself and the worthiest intellectual antagonist he ever faced, Felix Frankfurter. Black and the Court upon which he sat groped for a role in American life after 1937, and Dunne vividly describes the tortuous but heady journey. If the Constitution is, as Charles Evans Hughes once said, "what the Justices say it is," then the modern Constitution is largely the handiwork of Black. His enterprise was abetted by Eisenhower's appointment of Warren and Brennan and the march quickened when Goldberg, Fortas, and Marshall came to the Court in the '60s.

Dunne's portrait contains almost all of the warts—"Old Ego's" continuing personality clashes with Justice Jackson and a churlish response to Justice Owen Roberts' resignation are knowledgeably chronicled (Black's distaste for Douglas's propensity for acquiring a succession of young wives does not qualify as anything more than irascibility). Incidentally, Warren's blandness does occasionally slip, especially when he recapitulates the sorry story of the American Bar Association's hysterical reaction to some fairly tame Court decisions in the '50s and '60s. It is refreshing to realize that he had a temper comparable to Black's, and, perhaps, an ego to match.

Finally, Dunne's sense of the dramatic is fully equal to Black's and, at times, rises to high art. Particularly moving are the descriptions of Black's relationship to the lonely white liberals and the N.A.A.C.P. leaders who fought the Bull Connors's of the old south and the reconciliation between Black and Douglas in the last years of their remarkable tenure together on the Court. Dunne sums up the life of this intellectual and moral giant toward the end—Black's last opinion (one of his greatest) was his ringing defense of the right to publish in the *Pentagon Papers* case. It concluded with a quote from an historic free press opinion of a former Chief Justice; Black in 1971 thus honored Charles Evans Hughes, "the very man whom the vote of . . . Senator [Black] had deemed unfit for the Court. . . ." Black's tribute to Hughes is only equaled by Dunne's to Black. Earl Warren still awaits his biographer.

The Nureyev Image

ALEXANDER BLAND

Quadrangle, $17.50

Baryshnikov At Work

MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV

Knopf, $22.50

STEVE LAWSON

Two books on great dancers, but the artists aren't equally served. To take the longer (and lesser) volume first: Alexander Bland's *The Nureyev Image*, described by its author as "primarily a photographic study of the art of Nureyev," might better be summarized as a study of the art of obfuscation. Dance critic for the London *Observer*, Bland evidently feels compelled to give us everything anyone could possibly want to know about Nureyev's life as prelude to the actual study of his art. The first two chapters of this book ("The Story" and "The Man") are an eye-glazing assortment of clichés ("The Nureyev story begins like the traditional fairy tale . . ."), anecdotes, unbridled show-biz adoration, and vague pronouncements—all couched in the highest of measured tones, rather like a gossip column ghosted by a doctoral student. We've all traveled that long, winding road before: the first ballet at a tender age, the disapproving father (but Rudi was "not to be deflected"), the soloist dropping out and the subsequent big break, the ladder of success . . . and Bland's treatment does nothing to revitalize the story. Anyone who can state in all solemnity that "the world of ballet has always tended to be a claustrophobic hothouse" and then juxtapose that line with shots of Nureyev dancing with Liz Taylor at the Dorchester, ribbing Dick Cavett, or hobnobbing with the King of Greece, is clearly not to be trusted. The good photographs in this section—Nureyev at work with such choreographers as Béjart, Graham, MacMillan, Petit, and Robbins—get lost in the shuffle of sunbathing and jet-setting. (Nureyev approved all photos in the book, but Bland arranged them.)

The public-relations treatment thunders on. By Bland standards, Nureyev is just about perfect, with an eye for detail, contracts, and timetables; a speed-reader; his own manager; a fantastically hard worker . . . is life long enough, even for this? And Bland has a bad habit of trying to make his subject (or victim) all things to all men: "At once shrewd, tough, easily hurt and cynical" . . . "witty and talkative one moment, silent and withdrawn the next." The mod Mongol. One thing, though, we can agree on: Nureyev's features are "a romantic pin-up in many a lonely bedroom." This about the artist who has danced, with extraordinary *élan* and versatility, *Petrouchka* and *The Prodigal Son*, *Don Quixote* and *Dances at a Gathering*, *The Sleeping Beauty* and *Le Sacré du Printemps*.

Happily, the book's second half is devoid of these insights. "The Roles" is devoted to sixty-seven of the eighty-three characters Nureyev has danced so far, a photographic history arranged alphabetically rather than by choreographer, genre, or chronology. And there are some remarkable shots: Zöe Dominic's still of Nureyev in Frederick Ashton's *The Dream*, in which the man, black-caped and crowned, appears almost insubstantial against the air; Jorge Fatauros's shot of Flindt's *The Lesson*, in which Nureyev as the Ionescan professor intent on murder bears a startling resemblance to Laurence Olivier; Martha Swope's series on *Lucifer*, in which the wild-haired dancer seems entirely a thing of howling, desolate spaces far from any stage. When Bland settles down to photographic re-

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capitulation, he does useful work, but it takes one hundred pages to get there.

Martha Swope's *Lucifer* pictures are the best thing in *The Nureyev Image*; by amplification, it's she who is the real hero of *Baryshnikov at Work*. The gifted recorder of many theater and dance productions, Swope actually began her career as a dancer. That first fact means the photos in Baryshnikov are superlative technically; the second means that she has a fine eye for the way a dancer's body moves, the *emotional* quality to be caught on film. Her work in this book is all of a piece, like a kaleidoscope the parts of which are autonomously lovely but nonetheless coalesce into a satisfying whole. One example only: a still from *Pas de "Duke"* in which Baryshnikov, all in white, is poised with the left leg planted on the stage, the right one flung up, and his back and arms arched in a backward curve, shows the plasticity, the sculptural potential of a great dancer. To her credit, Swope preserves this moment—and many others—for us.

Baryshnikov (hereafter *B*) is more interesting than Nureyev (hereafter *N*) for other reasons. Robert Scudellari's design for *B* outstrips the hodgepodge of *N*, and Charles Engell France restrains himself to a one-page introduction, leaving the rest of *B* to Baryshnikov himself. The artist is in focus here as he wasn't in *N* with Bland puffing after us with notes on childhood illnesses, favorite wines, *et. al.*, Baryshnikov comments on each of the twenty-six ballets he's danced in the West (good translations by Remi Saunder); the sense is that of interviews molded into monologues or ruminations on an art. A final advantage of *B* over *N*: the dances are arranged in chronological order, so we're able to trace an expansion of technique, of repertoire, and of daring over two short years, 1974 to 1976.

Giselle, *Vestris*, and *Petrouchka* receive the most extensive treatment (both text and photos) in the book, but even the two pages apiece allotted to *Awakening* and *Le Pavilion d'Armide* evoke an experience for us: how a young dancer feels reviving a seventy-year-old Nijinsky role; or, conversely, how he feels doing a "young" dance like *Awakening* for a young choreographer just starting out. For Baryshnikov is obviously reflective, and the longer the reflections on a specific dance the more we learn. He recalls dancing the Green Skater in Ashton's *Les Patineurs*: the expertise needed to play an anarchic spirit disrupting a social rite like ice-skating (especially without actual skates). He winces over *La Fille Mal Gardée*—the oldest ballet in repertory, by the way—that chestnut about a virgin in a vaudeville world, explaining how the male lead must be romantic and a *farceur* at once and how nerve-racking that is. He evokes the terror he felt of synthesizing classical jumps and jazz steps in *Pas de "Duke,"* and the eventual working through to triumph. (For evidence: see the shot of him and Judith Jamison grinning at each other in mid-dance.) Or his turning point as a dancer in America, Twyla Tharp's great *Push Comes to Shove*, a blend of Lamb rags and Haydn which simultaneously made huge demands on Baryshnikov and opened up new vistas to him: "Nothing was as new, as different, and, thank God, as inevitable."

Baryshnikov at Work closes with twenty-four related stills of the author and Tharp doing the pas de deux *Once More, Frank*. In the text accompanying these, Baryshnikov asks how two such dancers—worlds apart in style, culture, and experience—can find common artistic ground. That questions sums up the book: the travelogue of an émigré who happens to be a great dancer, *making* a home for himself, using his skills to carve out a niche in the annals of dance—watching, learning, trying, adapting, advancing. Nureyev is not yet forty; Baryshnikov not yet thirty. Ballet as an art evolved at Tortona in 1489; here are two perspectives on a form nearly half a millennium old—interim reports on still-growing careers in a changeable and changing field. This augurs well for Baryshnikov—we can look forward to much more—and suggests that, as far as Nureyev goes, a definitive study is yet to come.

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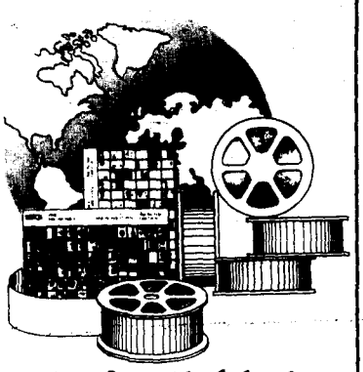

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Yellow Roses
ELIZABETH CULLINAN
Viking, $8.95

In the Miro District and Other Stories
PETER TAYLOR
Knopf, $7.95

ROBERT PHILLIPS

"Survival," one of Elizabeth Cullinan's heroines learns, "was a question of a cool head and a light touch." One can say that the same principles describe Ms. Cullinan's writing. There is, of course, a certain cachet of cool characterizing much of the fiction of New York (and *New Yorker*) writers. The prime example is Renata Adler's

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plotless "novel," *Speedboat*—wildly admired by other proponents of cool, a book which missed (by one vote) garnering the National Book Critics' Circle Award and which did, in fact, win the Ernest Hemingway Award.

Elizabeth Cullinan's stories are not so detached as Ms. Adler's unruffled pages. But in their crisp and careful lack of excitement, in their unmoving calm, their deliberate evasion of conclusion or epiphany, they recall Ms. Adler and Company.

There are exceptions. In the first story in this, her second collection, a story which is basically a meditation on self-image through the medium of one's name, the author portrays a vital occasion which is the substance for an excellent story: When Sister Ambrosine announces to class that Peggy Fisher, from this day forward, is going to be called Estelle Fisher, we experience with the young girl her misery: "Had I been stood up and stripped of my clothes I believe the shock and panic would have been less. Naked I'd still have been myself—maybe all the more so—but without my name I was rendered null and void." And in the volume's best story, "In the Summerhouse," a sick and middle-aged man realizes with a jolt that he cannot bear to be with his wife and daughter. But more shocking, to him, is the realization that, in spite of that, they are all he has, and all he will ever have, in this world.

Such definitive moments are rare in *Yellow Roses*. Most of the stories, in excellent prose, reach no conclusion. Many read like chapters from a discarded novel, especially those which portray Louise Gallagher and Charlie Davis. Despite Louise's consistency from one tale to another, one tends to remember Ms. Cullinan's rather philosophical observations better than her characterizations. For instance, her statement that clothes are not superficial aspects of life at all, they define and separate people; that everyone is born with a soft spot which he either follows or resists, and either way it is what makes him what he is; that a readiness to enter into other people's lives is something out of the ordinary; that it is loss one dreads in love—any kind of contract is better than nothing; and that the body has its own insight, its own learning. . . .

I have not read Ms. Cullinan's novel, *The House of Gold*. I suspect it may be more fulfilling than these stories. "Art," Thomas Hardy said, "is a disproportioning of realities." Because Elizabeth Cullinan seems unwilling to distort, to magnify, to raise her voice, many of these stories disappoint.

Peter Taylor's fiction also appears modest and quiet, but he takes far greater risks than Ms. Cullinan and succeeds more often. (The only piece in *In the Miro District* which seems an outright failure is "The Hand of Emmagine," which becomes shrill and Gothic when the protagonist chops off her offending, masturbatory hand with an ax.)

Fortunately, most of the tales are more serene. Taylor's primary fictional concern is family relationships in Tennessee's middle class. Using the home as microcosm, marriage and social contact as catalysts, he is an American Jane Austen. In the conflicts created by the South's change from an agrarian society to an urban one, his families—like Faulkner's Dilsey—not only endure but prevail.

"The Captain's Son" is one of Taylor's best stories in decades. In careful and leisurely fashion the author reveals the fatal flaw in a quixotic young man's character. "The Throughway" is another fine character study, in which the enforced move from a home in which they have always lived since first marrying provides the occasion for Harry and Isabel to realize they each are trapped by circumstance and decision to remain living together in awful resignation.

The long title story is perhaps third best. I find fault with "In the Miro District" for peculiar Southern reasons. My grandfather and those of his generation would never surrender to a boy's pressures or his discoveries as to carryings-on. In Taylor's story this is, knowing what I feel I know, unreal. The story can also be read as semi-allegory, but I don't want to do that. We are curious people. Each of us thinks we are the only one who's got it right.

Finally, there are four stories which typographically, have been set as long poems. Doubtless these are the ones Robert Penn Warren, in a dust-jacket blurb, refers to as being of "a radically new technique." Yet there is nothing either radical or new about them. The pieces—the least good in the book, incidentally—remain stories, not poems, no matter how tortured the typography. (One imagines Robert Lowell, who included prose in his poetry volume *Life Studies*, advising his friend to do the obverse here.) There is no justification.

Despite reservations, I am grateful for this new volume to place beside *The Collected Stores of Peter Taylor*. At his best, Taylor makes subtle comment on human nature, on the permanent relationships between people, their variety, their expectedness and their unexpectedness. Yet, unlike Elizabeth Cullinan, he is not guilty of being too subtle.

The American Catholic: A Social Portrait

ANDREW M. GREELEY

Basic Books, $15

MARIE AUGUSTA NEAL, S.N.D.

This is a pragmatic book written by a pragmatic Catholic priest-sociologist. It is a review of the public research issuing from his fifteen-year association with the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago and yet more than a review, for it enables anyone who has followed Greeley's analyses and polemics during the past decade to discern his overall objective and the direction of his current interpretation.

The book focuses on an upwardly mobile population of European Catholic ethnics now standing somewhere beyond the midpoint on the path to management of American affairs. As their indignant spokesman, Greeley challenges the last bastions of resist-

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ance to their sharing power and prestige, demanding their admittance to the the upper echelons of decision-making in the "illustrious foundations, the great universities and the powerful corporations," from which he claims they are still excluded. His case is made against the stereotype in the social science literature according to which Catholics do poorly in achieving economic and educational success on account of a flaw in the Catholic personality. It is the stereotype of the narrow, prejudiced, anti-intellectual hard-hat. Ever since, as a graduate student at the University of Chicago, he experienced the standard uncritical analysis of the Catholic ethnic as the eternally conservative, working-class non-achiever, Greeley has been determined to expose what he knew from his own experience to be a university caricature and a scapegoat for resistance to change in the structure of the state. What his evidence demonstrates is a regular, gradual transition to success in education and family income for each of the Catholic ethnic groups.

Greeley demonstrates and celebrates the success of American Catholics who, despite the little they brought with them in the way of tools for success, have mastered the necessary skills. Non-Spanish-speaking Catholics, he notes, are over-represented in the highest income bracket. While they represent 20.6 percent of the general population, they are 22.8 percent of the over-$25,000 income earners. He delights in pointing out that, if the Protestant ethic is success, then "Jews are more Protestant than Catholics who are more Protestant than Protestants." The inference here is that, whatever doors to power and prestige remain closed to Catholics, they are closed not on account of Catholic inferiority but on account of systematic discrimination at the top, a cultural division of labor that excludes Catholics from the upper levels of business, professional and academic life.

Greeley makes his case well. His data is excellent and carefully analyzed. Clear and creative tables demonstrate distribution of family income, level of education, comparative expressions of prejudice and openness to liberal positions on social issues among cohorts of Americans over the last decade. Among Irish, German, Italian and Polish Catholics a striking rise is apparent on those measures characteristically used to demonstrate success in American society. Greeley shows that religion makes a difference, as does ethnicity, that Catholic schooling is a channel of upward mobility and that American Catholics would like to continue to use their schools for this purpose. (Beyond this, Catholics are said to exhibit qualities flowing from their traditional Catholicity. There is not the hard data for this claim, though, that there is for the claim of upward mobility. At this point, Greeley is clearly teaching and preaching as well as analyzing.)

Greeley would show old Americans and Jews who write books of sociology, as well as his fellow Catholic sociologists and others, that despite the Catholic ethic of communal solidarity —perhaps because of it—Catholics have managed to win the same prizes as Protestants. If religiously separate groups are kept from sharing fairly in the rewards, this is attributable not to any failure on their part to absorb the Protestant ethic (as Lenski tried to demonstrate in his tests of Weber's thesis) but to prejudice on the part of those in the ascendancy. If the stereotypes persist, they do so in spite of the evidence:

"Still, whatever the occupational discrimination, the Catholic immigrant groups have been immensely successful in America. The success of the Irish Catholics is surprising enough: one would not have thought of them as the richest and best-educated white Gentile group in America, but one might well have thought of them as comfortably and respectably middle class. The idea of the Italians being the second richest Gentile group, and Poles and Slavs making more money in northern cities than British Protestants, will shock many. Poles, Italians, and other eastern European immigrants are late nineteenth-early twentieth century arrivals who were not supposed to be able to acculturate easily to American ways. They are still thought of as sanitation workers, Poles as truck drivers or bartenders; it turns out however, that they can laugh all the way to the bank—or perhaps all the way to savings and loan. Whatever happened to the fatalism that was supposed to inhibit Italian achievement? Whatever happened to the dumb Pole of so many tasteless jokes? Whatever happened to the hard-drinking, hard-fighting Irish cop? . . ." (p. 65)

Greeley succeeds in proving that Catholic ethnics are neither dumb nor lazy as a result of their Catholicity. Though the problem remains for them of how to seize power and prestige, the immigrants have shown their ability to overcome exclusion by building and using their own resources. Moreover, what the European immigrants have done in the past, Black and Spanish-speaking groups can do in the present; that is, they can use their *gemeinschaft* solidarity to win the rewards of education and wealth.

As the author makes very clear, this is not a book about the Catholic Church or Catholic beliefs, but about Catholic people. In a book entitled *The American Catholic*, the large Spanish-speaking Catholic population is nevertheless excluded on the argument that it represents several ethnicities, none large enough to have its own impact. Some will disagree with this rationalization, I among them. For the groups he includes, however, no one can fault the sampling procedures or the generalizations drawn from them. The elegance of his statistical analysis, progressing from study to study, is as exciting to a colleague as it is to the author.

For all that, serious questions of causal interpretation are raised by the book's failure to take account of the worldwide action in the Church stemming from its eighty years' participation in social change. The claim of *Catholic Schools in a Declining Church* is repeated, namely, that 1968—the year of *Humanae Vitae*—marks the point of rapid decline in church at-

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tendance and participation. Before this decline is attributed wholly to dissatisfaction with the birth control encyclical, however, it should be noted that the Gallup poll trend line published in *Religion in America* shows this steep descent beginning not in 1968 but in 1957.

Moreover, the Church's radical stand on the development of Third World people, beginning with *Populorum Progressio* in 1967, again called to public attention in the *Call to Action* of 1971 and the bishops' synods of 1971 and 1974 and implemented in the Detroit Call to Action Conference of 1976—ten years of intense action and reflection—is not among the variables measured at all. Surely the affirmation of and resistance to the Church's stand on peace, poverty and human rights—the themes of *Pacem in Terris*—had an impact on some of the Catholic population, especially those with college education on the one hand and those with Third World identity on the other. The operational definition of favoring Vatican II changes is weak, as is the evidence that people accepted Vatican II changes. These are more than technical points; they raise problems about what is in fact measured by the items used.

The evidence is convincing that Catholics of European background in America can no longer claim that they are the oppressed poor; they are now the affluent. They are no longer those who can holler when stepped on by middle management, for they are middle management; no longer the excluded minority but the majority. Despite or because of religious beliefs they are as achievement-oriented as any other Americans. What remains to be seen is where the newly affluent and successful majority will lead once it has achieved the power and prestige.

REVIEWERS

IVAN SANDERS teaches in the English Department at Suffolk County Community College in Selden, New York.

ISIDORE SILVER is a professor of Constitutional Law and History at John Jay College of Crimnial Justice in New York City.

ROBERT PHILLIPS' Lewis Carroll study, *Aspects of Alice*, has just been re-issued as a Vintage paperback.

STEVE LAWSON, a Contributing Editor of *Yale/Theatre*, is Literary Advisor to both Circle in the Square and the Williamstown Theatre.

SISTER MARIE AUGUSTA NEAL, S.N.D., is a professor of Sociology at Emmanuel College in Boston.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 515)

cluding the botched metaphor), I see none of the harshness Mr. Weinberger discovers in it. And nothing like the brutality in his letter.

If Mr. Weinberger will also reread what I have written—this time with something more than occasional attention to the language—he will learn that I have, to use his word, "accused" Ms. Levine only of performing in the past with "grace and wit" and of not always being "in good voice at this performance." Precisely because I am aware how easily errors infiltrate publications, I was scrupulous not ot attribute any blame and went on to say that the "off-notes," of which I gave two examples, were "easily correctable by a copy editor."

As a matter of fact, Ms. Levine's work as a translator needs no defense from me: I have praised it orally and in print many times.

Mr. Weinberger's self-admitted "smug smile" is another matter.

RONALD CHRIST

Corrections

In Marilyn Moorcroft's article, "Floundering With Grass" [July 8], the paragraph on page 435 beginning "No matter; Hitler . . ." and ending ". . . Nathan Hales of her country" was Moorcroft's statement, not Günter Grass's. It should not have appeared therefore in quotation marks.

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: In my review of Michael Grant's book, *Saint Paul* (*Commonweal* 104/14 [8 July 1977]) an editorial embellishment of the text has made me sound disparaging to "sociologists," and I should like to correct that. In the last paragraph (p. 444) I originally wrote, "But in the last analysis, it [Grant's book] is Paul for the sciolists." If that sends you to the dictionary, then my point will have been made—unless, of course, it was a printer's devil.

(REV.) JOSEPH A. FITZMYER, S.J.
Department of Biblical Studies
The Catholic University of America

Steinfels (Cont.)

granted as to have elicited almost no comment.

The social contract in our cities hangs by a thread of copper wire. When Hobbes warned what a thin skein of civilization separated us from the war of all against all, he may not have been describing, as he thought, all societies. He may have been describing ours.

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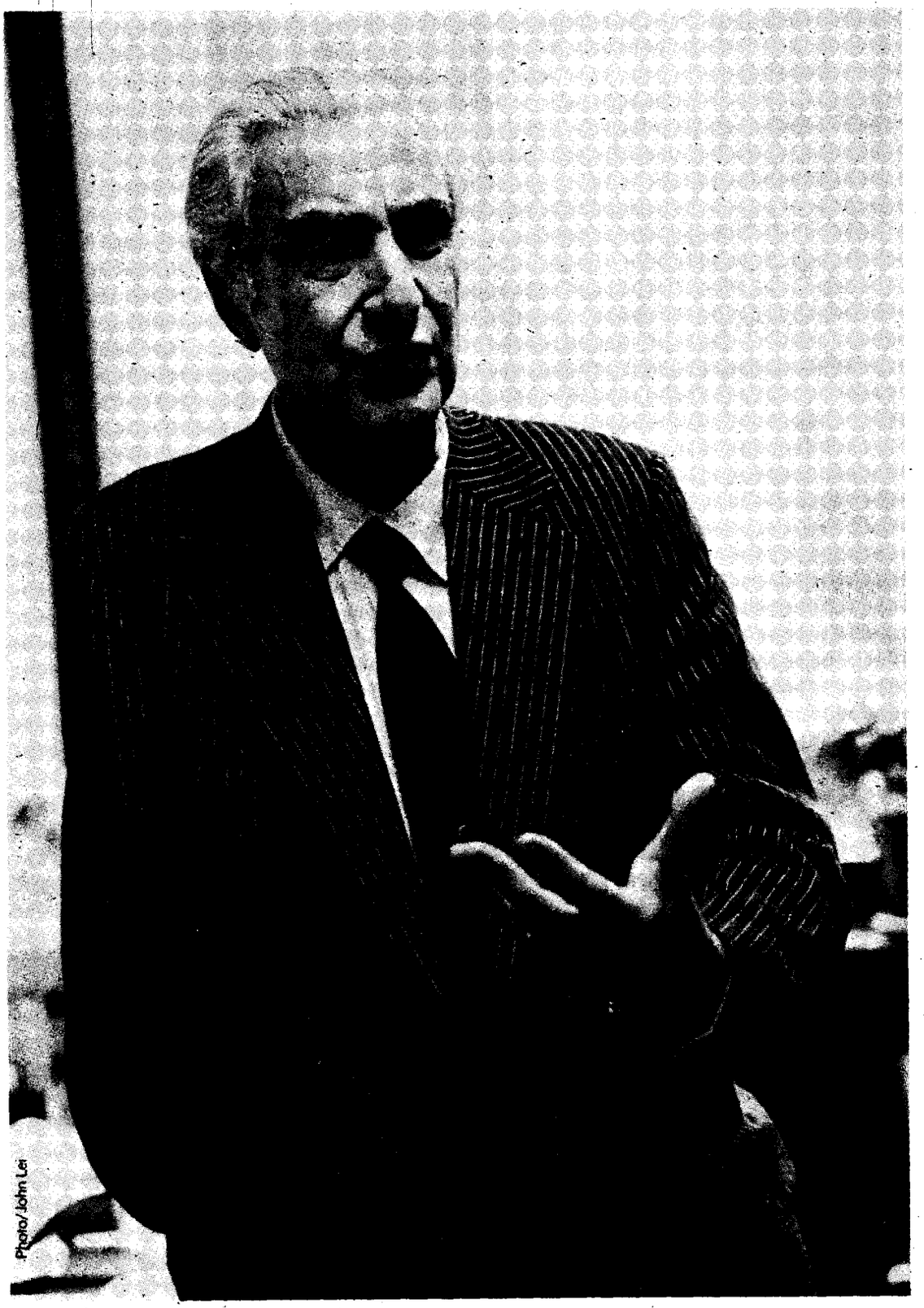
Columbia's Teacher's College Prof. Ignacy Goldberg redefines "handicapped."



Photo/John Lei

Ignacy Goldberg came out of World War II minus an arm and with an impaired leg. Coming from Europe to America, he suffered the additional handicap of not knowing the language. In 1949, he could not become a teacher because he failed a Board of Ed speech exam. Today Dr. Goldberg is Professor of Education at Teachers College, the Graduate School of Education at Columbia University. His specialty is teaching people how to teach the retarded. He is a former president of the American Association on Mental Deficiency. Dr. Goldberg is a member of numerous organizations for the retarded and has spoken out for equal rights for the mentally and physically handicapped and for their human and civil rights. "Facilities have improved," says Dr. Goldberg, "but what is lacking is a blue-print for integrating the retarded into our society. People think the world is just full of so-called normal people. But mental retardation is a national problem. It affects not just the 3% of the population that is retarded but their families as well. Society places too much stress on success. Handicapped achievers are talked about and interviewed. Not enough attention is paid to those we cannot interview, those unable to tell us about the quality of their lives. They need spokesmen too."

Dr. Goldberg feels society should provide a more positive atmosphere for the handicapped in which they are treated like everybody else. He has fought to get retarded children out of institutions and back into their communities. Being handicapped, as Dr. Goldberg defines it, is just a different sort of limitation. Hopefully, his definition will become universal.

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